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SANDMAN!
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A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK

YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST

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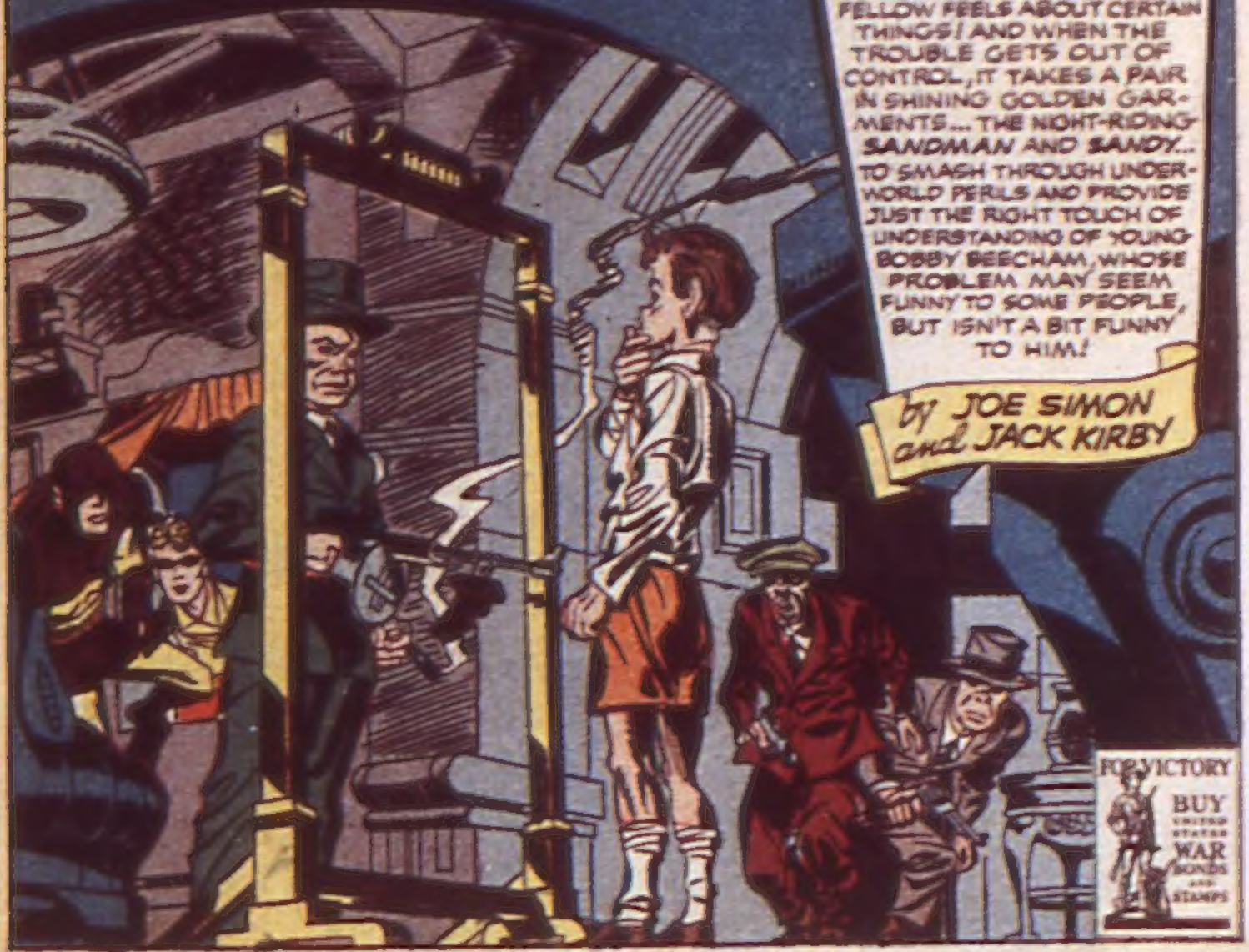
THE SANDMAN

and SANDY -- the Golden Boy

IN "The BOY WHO WAS TOO BIG FOR HIS BREECHES"

CLOTHES MAY NOT MAKE THE MAN...BUT THEY DO MAKE A LOT OF TROUBLE IN THIS HEART-WARMING STORY OF A BOY WHO FOUND IT HARD TO EXPLAIN TO GROWN-UPS HOW A YOUNG FELLOW FEELS ABOUT CERTAIN THINGS! AND WHEN THE TROUBLE GETS OUT OF CONTROL, IT TAKES A PAIR IN SHINING GOLDEN GARMENTS... THE NIGHT-RIDING *SANDMAN* AND *SANDY*... TO SMASH THROUGH UNDERWORLD PERILS AND PROVIDE JUST THE RIGHT TOUCH OF UNDERSTANDING OF YOUNG BOBBY BEECHAM, WHOSE PROBLEM MAY SEEM FUNNY TO SOME PEOPLE, BUT ISN'T A BIT FUNNY TO HIM!

by JOE SIMON and JACK KIRBY



FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

MEET BOBBY BEECHAM... A YOUNG MAN WITH A WEIGHTY PROBLEM ON HIS MIND!
SUPPERTIME AT THE BEECHAM HOME...
I'LL PUT IT UP TO MOM AN' POP, AGAIN... THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! THEY JUST GOTTA LISTEN!!
'LO, MOM! 'LO POP! I GOT SOMETHIN' TO ASK YOU--
BOBBY BEECHAM, YOU'RE LATE AGAIN!!
DID YOU WASH YOUR HANDS AND FACE?
I'LL WASH 'EM IN A MINUTE, MOM--BUT FIRST I GOT A IMPORTANT PROBLEM...
YES, SON?
BOBBY'S TEACHER KEPT HIM AFTER SCHOOL 'CAUSE HE WHISPERED! MABEL TOLD ME!!
YOU MAKE ME SICK... YOU LITTLE TATTLE-TALE!!
POP! HE CALLED ME A NAME!
SEE HERE, BOBBY... THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO YOUR SISTER!

I THOUGHT WE'D SETTLED THE PANTS QUESTION!
FERDIE MASON HASN'T GOT 'EM, AND HE'S BIGGER'N YOU!
BUT I'M TRYIN' TO TELL YOU HOW ALL THE KIDS IN MY CLASS HAVE GOT LONG PANTS BUT ME... AND...
HERE, HERE! I'VE ALREADY EXPLAINED THAT THE PANTS YOU HAVE ARE GOOD FOR A LONG TIME YET! YOU CAN HAVE LONG ONES WHEN THEY'RE WORN OUT--AND NOT BEFORE!
FERDIE IS A SISSY--- AN' ANYWAY, IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!
AW, OBE! MOM, DON'T YOU THINK--?
NOW, BOBBY... YOU MUST LEARN TO BE PATIENT! AFTER ALL, YOU'RE STILL VERY YOUNG!
YOUNG! I'D BE A BABY ALL MY LIFE IF YOU FOLKS HAD YOUR WAY! YOU DON'T CARE IF EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT ME...
THAT'S ENOUGH!! IF YOU THINK YOU'RE TOO BIG FOR YOUR BREECHES, YOUNG MAN, YOU CAN JUST MARCH UPSTAIRS AND GO TO BED WITHOUT YOUR SUPPER!
YAAH!!! BOBBY'S GOTTA GO TO BED!
WE KNOW IT'S TOUGH, BOBBY... BUT DON'T THINK TOO BADLY OF POP! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE THE THRILL OF HIS FIRST PAIR OF "LONGIES"!
WHEN I GROW UP AN' HAVE A BOY--- I'LL TREAT HIM DIFFERENT, YOU BET!
DARN OLD PANTS! I WISH THEY'D WALK AWAY BY THEMSELVES AND NEVER COME BACK!
I'D RUN AWAY... (SOB)... BUT WHERE COULD I GO... (SOB) ...IN SHORT... PANTS? HO, HUM... ZZz
3

AND THEN---THE DREAM!
WHY---YOU'RE THE SANDMAN!
RIGHT, BOBBY... AND YOU ARE THE YOUNG FELLOW WHO WAS WISHING HIS PANTS WOULD WALK AWAY, AREN'T YOU!
I'M SICK OF 'EM! I OUGHTTA BE WEARIN' LONG ONES, LIKE ALL MY FRIENDS... BUT NOBODY SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND...
UNDERSTAND BOBBY! I WAS A BOY LIKE YOU ONCE... AND MY PARTNER SANDY IS STILL A BOY LIKE YOU!
AND BECAUSE I UNDERSTAND... YOUR WISH IS COMING TRUE!
GOLLY!....GEE-WHILLIKINS!! THEY--THEY'RE WALKIN'!
GONE! IT'S WONDERFUL! BUT--BUT NOW I HAVEN'T GOT ANY PANTS AT ALL!
DON'T WORRY... THE SANDMAN NEVER LEFT A FRIEND IN THE LURCH!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
OH BOY...LONGIES! JUST MY SIZE! GOSH, SANDMAN... I'M THE HAPPIEST KID IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
BUT WAIT, SANDMAN... IT ISN'T REALLY TRUE, IS IT? I MEAN--HERE I AM IN BED...IN PAJAMAS... AND---
AND YOU'RE AFRAID IT'S ONLY A DREAM? BUT SOMETIMES DREAMS ARE MORE REAL THAN ANYTHING ELSE! WAIT AND SEE...
ONLY A DREAM... BUT REAL...HE SAYS... REAL...

ONLY A DREAM!! AND YET PERHAPS IT IS SIGNIFICANT THAT WE NEED LOOK NO FURTHER THAN THE NEAREST CORNER FOR ITS CENTRAL FIGURE...THE SANDMAN... WHOSE MYSTERIOUS POWERS CREATE BRIGHT DREAMS OF HOPE FOR THE TROUBLED... AND NIGHTMARES FOR THE WICKED!
THOSE ARE LITTLE JOE OROLICH'S HENCHMEN, ALL RIGHT... BUT WHERE'S LITTLE JOE?
WE CAN'T WAIT FOR HIM IF WE WANT TO PREVENT THIS ROBBERY, SANDY! DOWN WE GO!
LIKE GOLDEN BULLETS--- THE SANDMAN AND HIS YOUNG PAL SANDY PLUNMET INTO BATTLE!
HEADS UP, RATS!!
FIRETOP FINK! HERE'S SAND IN YOUR EYES!
HE'S PUTTIN' ME TO SLEEP! OOOOHHH!!
I'D STAY AN' SHOOT IT OUT, ONLY MY FEET WON'T LET ME!
NO HURRY, CROKER!--- YOU'LL BE A LONG TIME WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
UF!
FROM A SHADOWED DOORWAY, A STRANGE CREATURE WITH THE BODY OF A BOY AND THE BRAIN OF AN EVIL WIZARD WATCHES THE OUTCOME OF THE ENCOUNTER!
THIS IS THE SANDMAN, INSPECTOR! IF YOU'LL SEND THE WAGON--- I'LL HELP YOU FILL IT UP!
THAT NIGHTMARE I HAD, ABOUT THE SANDMAN BEING AFTER ME, WAS TRUE! LUCKY I TOOK IT SERIOUSLY AND KEPT OUT OF SIGHT TONIGHT!

LITTLE JOE GROLICH DEPARTS FURTIVELY, BUT NOT UNSEEN...
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL... IF THAT ISN'T LITTLE JOE IN THE FLESH... I'M DREAMING, MYSELF!
GO GET HIM! I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON THESE BABIES!
HE'S SPOTTED ME!
AN OPEN WINDOW OFFERS A HIDING PLACE...
IF I CAN ONLY SLIP INTO THAT WINDOW BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES AROUND THE CORNER!
AND HOWEVER THEY MAY LOOK TO BOBBY BEECHAM... SHORT PANTS LOOK GOOD TO HIS UNINVITED VISITOR...
WHAT'S THIS? A PAIR OF SHORT PANTS! WHAT COULD BE NICER?
A PERFECT FIT! NOW I'LL SLIP OUT THE FRONT DOOR AND GIVE THE SANDMAN AND SANDY A SURPRISE!
A MOMENT LATER...
WHO'S THAT? A YOUNGSTER!... HOW DID LITTLE JOE DISAPPEAR IN SUCH A HURRY?
JUST ABOUT THIS TIME-- THE AWAKENING!
SANDMAN! HE ISN'T HERE... WAS HE EVER HERE AT ALL, I WONDER?
LONG PANTS! HE WAS HERE! THE DREAM DID COME TRUE!... GOLLY... I CAN'T WAIT TO TRY 'EM ON!
6

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN!
WAIT'LL THE KIDS SEE ME IN THIS GET-UP! THEY'LL BE GREEN WITH ENVY! AN' EVEN POP WILL HAVE TO ADMIT I'M GETTIN' TO BE A MAN!
WONDER IF ANYBODY'S AROUND? HUH? IT'S THE SANDMAN! HEY, SAND-MAN...
OOPS!
LITTLE JOE! HOW NICE OF HIM TO DROP RIGHT INTO MY ARM!
UF!
O GEE, SANDMAN... THANKS FOR CATCHIN' ME!
ALWAYS GLAD TO OBLIGE! BUT--BUT YOU'RE NOT LITTLE JOE! WHO ARE YOU?
I'M BOBBY BEECHAM--- REMEMBER? I WANTED LONG PANTS--AND YOU SHOWED UP IN MY DREAM AND SAID YOU'D FIX THINGS ...AND WHEN I WOKE UP, MY OLD PANTS WERE GONE AND THESE CLOTHES WERE WAITIN'!
GREAT SCOTT!! THEN THAT KID I SAW A MINUTE AGO WAS --- EXCUSE ME BOBBY--I'VE GOT TO DELIVER A NIGHTMARE!
MEANWHILE, LITTLE JOE'S JUVENILE CAMOUFLAGE HAS STOOD HIM IN GOOD STEAD...
GOSH SAKES... AREN'T YOU SANDY, MY FAVORITE HERO?
YOU FLATTER ME! BUT DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO THESE RATS... THEY'RE POISON!
OH, I'M IMMUNE TO THAT KIND OF POISON... BUT ARE YOU IMMUNE TO LEAD POISONING?
LITTLE JOE!
POLICE
SUDDENLY...
LOOK OUT, SANDMAN... LITTLE JOE'S PULLED A FAST ONE!

SAME OLD FIST--SAME OLD CHIN--THIS IS GETTING TIRESOME!
WHY DON'T I HIT YOU FOR A CHANGE?
I CAN LICK ANYBODY IN SHORT PANTS!
CRACK!
BOBBY MEANT WELL IN FOLLOWING SANDMAN... BUT THINGS MIGHT HAVE GONE BETTER IF HE HAD BEEN LESS HEROIC!
CAREFUL, SANDMAN! YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO HAVE THE MURDER OF AN INNOCENT CHILD ON YOUR CONSCIENCE, WOULD YOU?
HOLD IT, SANDY! LITTLE JOE, IF YOU HARM A HAIR OF THAT BOY'S HEAD...
SURE, WE'LL LET YA GO--RIGHT ALONG WIT' US!
HE'LL BE SAFE FROM US AS LONG AS WE'RE SAFE FROM YOU! GET IT?
I GET IT! --AND IT'S A ROTTEN TRICK!!
AS THE GANGSTERS' CAR SPEEDS AWAY... THE CRIME-SMASHING PAIR RESORT ONCE AGAIN TO THEIR AMAZING WIREPOON GUNS!
SO LONG, SANDMAN! HA! HA!!
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT YOUNGSTER! NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO TO HIM!
DESPITE HIS TERROR, BOBBY IS MORE WORRIED ABOUT THE SANDMAN THAN HIMSELF!
WHEN THE SANDMAN TELLS THE COPS WHAT HAPPENED--- HE'LL BE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE WHOLE CITY! HA! HA!! HA!!!
A DUMB KID PRETENDIN' TO BE A MAN IS FUNNY... BUT A SMART MAN PRETENDIN' TO BE A KID IS DANGEROUS!
IT'S ALL MY FAULT! BUT MAYBE I CAN STILL DO SOMETHING!
RECKLESSLY A SMALL BUT DETERMINED HAND YANKS AT THE STEERING WHEEL, AND...
HEY!! TH' BRAT'S WRECKIN' US!
I'LL FIX HIM FOR THIS!! I'LL TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB! I'LL...
8

OOOHH!
THE NEXT INSTANT...
WELL, WELL--- ALL OF THEM RIPE AND READY FOR PICKING!
AND I HEAR THE SIREN OF THE POLICE COMING THIS WAY
THE KID DESERVES A REWARD... AND BY THE LOOKS OF THE RAGS SCATTERED AROUND THE SCENE, I THINK I KNOW WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, ANYWAY?
WHAT HAPPENED TO BOBBY? HE HARDLY KNOWS HIMSELF, FOR WONDERING WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM!
NOW I AM IN TROUBLE! MY OLD CLOTHES ARE GONE, AND MY NEW ONES RUINED --- AN' THE SANDMAN IS SORE AT ME... AN' POP WILL PROBABLY GIVE ME THE THRASHIN' OF MY LIFE!
INDEED, THINGS HAVE SELDOM LOOKED DARKER!
SO --- YOU DELIBERATELY SNEAKED OUT AND RUINED YOUR CLOTHES! THIS CALLS FOR THE WORST THRASHING I'VE EVER HAD TO GIVE YOU!
PLEASE, POP... I DIDN'T MEAN TO! THE SANDMAN BROUGHT ME LONG PANTS, AN' I FELL OUTA THE WINDOW, AN' GOT KIDNAPPED BY CROOKS, AN'...
DO YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT FANTASTIC RUBBISH? GET UP TO YOUR ROOM--- I'LL BE ALONG WITH A HAIRBRUSH!

NOW, HAVING DISPOSED OF LITTLE JOE GROUCH AND HIS MURDEROUS HENCHMEN, THE SANDMAN SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT TO AVERT A TRAGEDY HE FEELS IS IMMINENT

THIS IS THE ONE THE TAILOR MADE FROM YOUR OLD MEASUREMENTS BY MISTAKE, SANDY. IT'S A BRAND NEW SUIT—BUT TOO SMALL FOR YOU!

THAT YOUNGSTER COULD HAVE MY WHOLE WARDROBE, IF IT WOULD FIT HIM...ALL BUT WHAT I'M WEARING NOW!

IN THE NICK OF TIME!

WAIT, MR. BEECHAM! THERE'LL BE TIME FOR THAT AFTER YOU HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY—IF YOU STILL THINK IT'S NECESSARY!

WHA—? THE SANDMAN!

GEE—NOW I AM IN FOR IT!

THIS IS FOR YOU, BOBBY YOU SEE, MR. BEECHAM, WE FEEL WE OWE HIM SOMETHING FOR RISKING HIS LIFE TO CATCH FOUR OF THE TOUGHEST CROOKS IN TOWN!

YOU MEAN—BOBBY—MY BOY...ACTUALLY CAUGHT SOME CROOKS!

GOLLY, POP—ISN'T IT SWELL!!

IT SURE IS, BOBBY! COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU'RE GETTING TO BE A MAN FAST...THE KIND OF MAN YOUR OLD POP IS GOING TO BE MIGHTY PROUD OF!

COME ON, SANDY—EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL HERE!

BREAKFAST TIME...

ON TIME...HANDS AND FACE WASHED! WHY, BOBBY—YOU'RE A NEW PERSON!

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!

GEE BOBBY...I NEVER KNEW HOW WONDERFUL YOU WERE!

LATER, AS WES DODDS...WHOSE OTHER SELF IS THE SANDMAN... AND SANDY HAWKINS TAKE THEIR MORNING STROLL...

WES, YOU SEEM PROUDER OF SOLVING BOBBY'S PROBLEMS THAN OF CATCHING THOSE CROOKS!

AND WHY NOT, SANDY! ALL THE RATS IN THE UNDERWORLD AREN'T A TENTH AS IMPORTANT AS THE HAPPINESS OF JUST ONE DECENT AMERICAN KID!

DON'T MISS—The AMAZING NEW ADVENTURE OF THOSE FANTASTIC ROVERS OF THE NIGHT, THE DREAM STREWING SANDMAN AND SANDY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF...

ADVENTURE COMICS

Look! ALL THESE FREE
ALL AMERICAN
FREE GIFT News
FOR FREE GIFTS
SAVE BAGS FROM
Popsicle · Fudgicle
CREAMSICLE
The Delicious
FROZEN CONFECTIONS ON-A-STICK
ASK FOR COMPLETE PREMIUM
GIFT LIST AT YOUR ICE CREAM STORE

Genius Jones

"ASK ME YOUR QUESTIONS AND I'LL TELL YOU NO LIES!" IS THE SLOGAN OF GENIUS JONES, THE SAPIENT SAGANT WHO GIVES OUT WITH THE ANSWERS TO THE DEEPEST AND DARKEST RIDDLES

BUT---

WHEN THE AMAZING ANSWERMAN FINALLY FOUND AN EQUAL IN PROFESSOR KNOWLOTTE THE PROPOUNDING PROF WHO UNLOCKS A BASKET OF BOOKS IN AN ATTEMPT TO UPSET GENIUS' INTELLECTUAL APPLE-CART TO THE TUNE OF FIFTY THOUSAND?

READ THE ANSWER IN---

"THE BATTLE OF THE MENTAL MARVELS!"

BY SAM KOSS AND AL BESTER

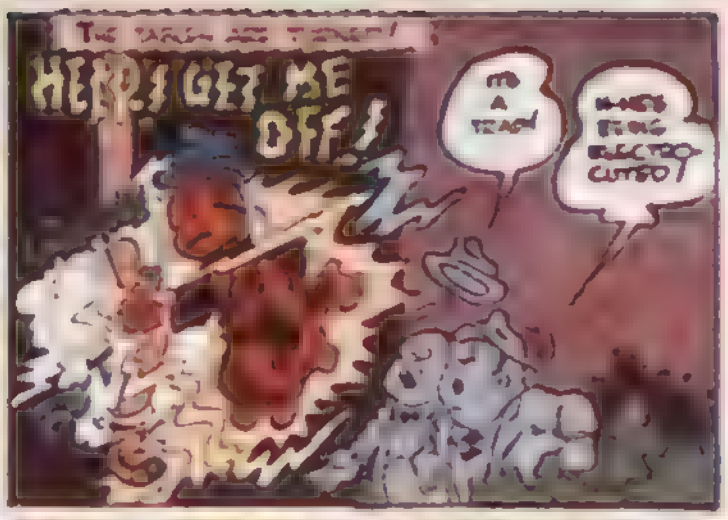
POLLARWELL LOSES NO TIME IN FINDING THE ONE PERSON WHO MIGHT HELP HIM... THE ANSWERMAN!
MR. JONES
THAT'S QUITE A SPECIAL SET!
THAT'S ANOTHER FIFTY THOUSAND!
THAT'S ANOTHER QUESTION SO-O-O... SO YOU ANOTHER "MILLION" — WOULD YOU MAKE IT WORTH WHILE FOR THE BENEFIT OF MISSED EDUCATION, PERHAPS I CAN GRANT A SPECIAL INVESTIGATION ON CREDIT!
...LET'S DISCUSS IT AT LUNCH I'M STARVED!
MEANWHILE POLLY'S CLEVER COUSIN IS MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME!
POLLARWELL! DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T LANDED A JOB YET!
CUT THE BEGGING, YOU RASCAL! BUT TELL ME... WHO IN THUNDER ARE THOSE TWO BOOK-ENDS THERE?
YOU DON'T THINK I ACTUALLY ANSWER QUESTIONS DO YOU? THOSE FANTASTIC FIENDS DO THE WORK FOR ME!
I'M HUNGRY!
I'M HUNGRY!
I'M HUNGRY!
RAJOH... WHEN DID GENGHIS KHAN BECOME EMPEROR OF THE MONGOLS?
LET'S... LEST... KHAN! THAT'S YOUR QUESTION CHUBBY!
HM... LET'S SEE, NOW...
IN THE YEAR 1206 A.D.
HO HO! GOING BACKS!
IN THE YEAR 2006 A.D.

SO-O-O
AND I SHALL HELP, BECAUSE YOU
GENIUS JONES.
KNOWLOTTS IS A PHONEY!
BUT KNOWLOTTS HERE GOT GENIUS SWITCHED TO "FOOTBALLS!"
SWISH
EXCELLENT, GENIUS!
KNOWLOTTS REMARK GIVES ME SUFFICIENTLY TO GENERATE AN IDEA!
I'VE POWER YOUR QUESTION! SUPPOSE YOU WAGER YOUR COUSIN FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS I CAN BEAT KNOWLOTTS IN A QUIZ! THEN YOU'LL EITHER HAVE ENOUGH FOR YOUR COLLEGE OR NOTHING!

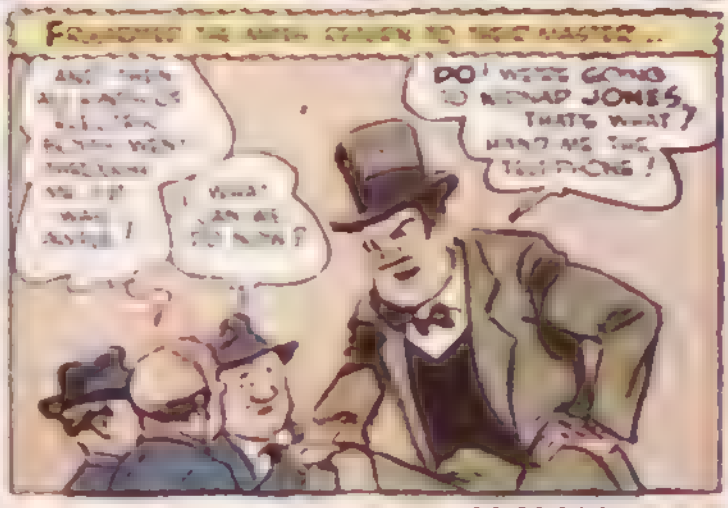
ARRANGEMENTS ARE QUICKLY MADE
THEN IT'S ALL SETTLED. SCARLANE THEATRE ONE WEEK FROM TODAY---AND IS EITHER CONTESTANT DOESN'T SHOW UP, THE OTHER WINS BY DEFAULT!
AND THE WINNER GETS ALL OF JONES' MONEY!
NEWS OF THE AMAZING CONTEST SWEEPS THE CITY!
ROLANDA! HAVE YOU HEARD? GENIUS JONES AND PROFESSOR KNOWLOTTS ARE GOING TO MATCH WITS!
YES! THEY SEEM TO BE GOING TO BE SENSATIONAL!
HERE THEY'RE IN A VERY BRIGHTEN' AGE, TOOK!
IT'S ATTRACTIN' CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION, I CALLS IT!
BUT AN EVIL MIND TAKES NO CHANCES
WHERE IN THE CRAZY! JONES WON'T STAND A CHANCE WITH THAT BUNCH OF YOURS KNOWLOTTS!
I'M NOT DEPENDING ON THAT ANGLE! I'M SKEERED TO IT THAT JONES WILL BE... ER JUST A LITTLE NERVOUS WHEN THE CONTEST TAKES PLACE!
NIGHT---AND THREE LITTLE MEN OF MISCHIEF PAY A VISIT TO GENIUS JONES.
ARE YOU SURE THE ELASTIC CORD IS TIED TO THE TREE TIGHT ENOUGH?
KNOWLOTTS WILL PUT US BACK IN THE GATE. GHOW IF WE BUNGLE THIS!
DO I MAKE MISTAKES?
GENIUS JONES! YOU ARE UNDER THE SPELL OF THE EVIL EYE...
BEWARE!
NOOSH
YEOW!
STEADY OLD BOY, STEADY! JUST NERVES--- TOO MUCH THINKING ABOUT THE CONTEST.

JONES
POP!
SHOO-SCAT!
BEE OW
HEY!
WAIT, COME BACK!
BOOM
EMPTY!
BUT I DON'T UNDER-STAND! WHO WOULD BREAK INTO YOUR HOUSE JUST TO GET OFF SIDEWORKS AND RAID THE ICE-BOX?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT THIS ELECTRICAL APPARATUS WILL KEEP THEM OUT NOW I CAN GET MY SLEEP!

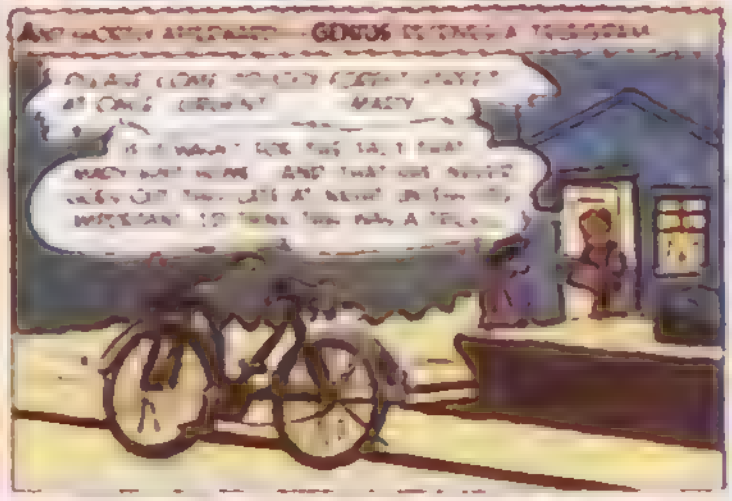
AND THAT NIGHT


THE TARZAN ARE TRICKED!
HELP! GET ME OFF!
I'M A TEACH!
WHERE BEING ELECTRIC CUTTED?

PULL!
UGH!


FRANCOIS THE MEAN CLERK TO THE MASTER ..
DO! WE'RE GOING TO KIDNAP JONES, THAT'S WHAT? HAND ME THE TELEPHONE!

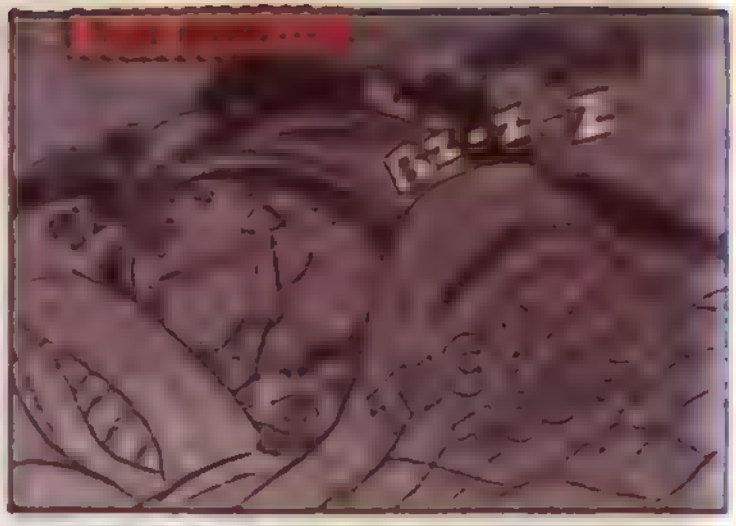
HELLO! MARY BROWN THIS IS ARI-RAT HEADQUARTERS CALLING. WILL YOU PLEASE COME DOWN TO SEE US RIGHT AWAY? WE HAVE SOME IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOU!


AND MEANWHILE AT HOME—GENIUS IS TAKING A TELEPHONE
OH, AND COME TO THE CIRCUS TONIGHT AT ONE O'CLOCK SHARP MARY
IT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLING MARY AND HOME AND THAT SHE NEVER TAKES OUT THE TRASH AT NIGHT OR I'M NOT IMPORTANT TO THINK YOU HAVE A TELE

COME IN!

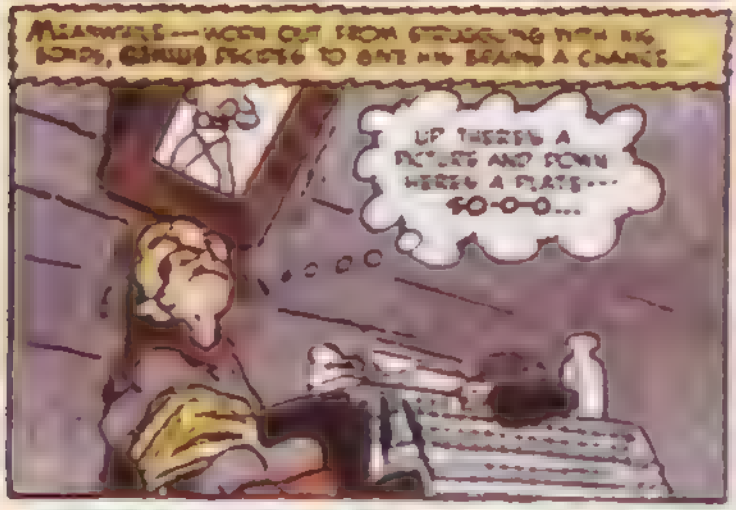
BONG!

YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A GENIUS NOW! HA HA!
WE'LL COME BACK AND LET YOU OUT TOMORROW
YOUR FOOD WAS GOOD ANYWAY!


SNORE....
RZ-Z-Z-Z

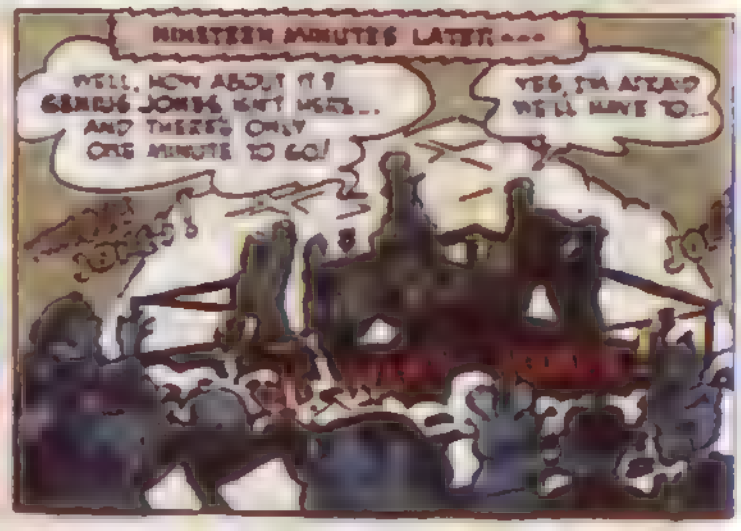
---AND THE DAY OF THE GREAT CONTEST ARRIVES!
MY TOUGH ON GENIUS JONES!
KNOWLOTTS IS OVER AND WHAT! NO, WAIT! HAVEN'T MISSED A QUESTION YET!

OH POTS! I'M SO WORRIED! WHOEVER SENT ME THAT FAKE MESSAGE LAST NIGHT MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO GENIUS!
DEAR, OH DEAR! IF HE'S NOT HERE IN TWENTY MINUTES I'LL HAVE TO FORFEIT THE MONEY!!!


MEANWHILE---WORN OUT FROM STRUGGLING WITH BIG BOSS, GENIUS DECIDES TO GIVE HIS BRAIN A CHANCE...
UP THERE'S A PICTURE AND DOWN HERE'S A PLATE... SO-O-O...

SUCCESS!

HAVE TO HURRY, OR I WON'T GET TO THE CONTEST IN TIME!
SNORE LITTLE BIRD!

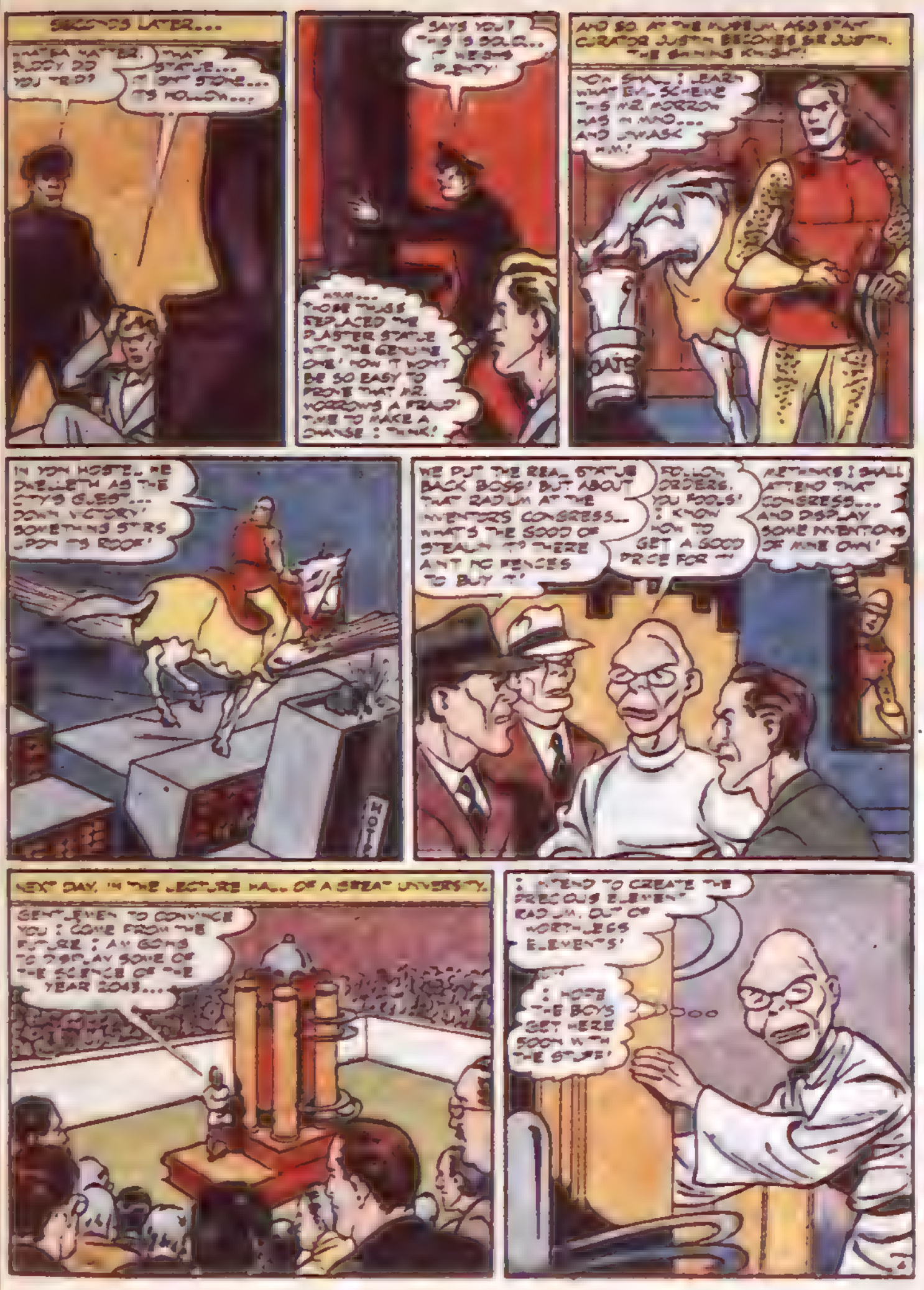

NINETEEN MINUTES LATER....
WELL, HOW ABOUT IT? GENIUS JONES ISN'T HERE... AND THERE'S ONLY ONE MINUTE TO GO!
YES, I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO...

STOP! HERE I AM!
GENIUS!
THE CONTEST SWINGS INTO ACTION AMID THE WILD SHOUTS OF THE CROWD!
THE FIRST ONE TO MISS A QUESTION LOSES!
YEA KNOWLOTT!!
GENIUS
AND NOT LONG AFTERWARD
HURRY! THE JUDGES MAY CALL ONE MORE TO ANSWER!
MMMM AN EASY ONE!
PROFESSOR KNOWLOTTS HAS FAILED TO ANSWER!-- THE WINNER--
GENIUS WERE A GENIUS! I WANT YOU TO HAVE AN IOU GENIUS!
I CAN BUY A DEFENSE STAMP!
AN IOU GENIUS!
THE END

The SHINING KNIGHT
WHEN A MAN OF YESTERDAY MEETS A MAN OF TOMORROW, THERE'S BOUND TO BE A GREAT TO-DO TODAY!... ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE IS THE SHINING KNIGHT, PALADIN OF THE PAST, AND THE OTHER A MYSTEROUS VISITANT... AT LEAST SO HE SAYS... FROM A DISTANT AND DUBIOUS FUTURE!... SO-O.... AGE OF CHIVALRY CLASHES WITH AGE OF SKULDUGGERY, AND AMAZES A WATCHING WORLD WITH A... "TWIST IN TIME!"
A GREAT CITY PAYS TRIBUTE TO A GREAT SCIENTIST, AS A MONUMENT IS DEDICATED...
IT IS A PLEASURE TO HONOR THE MEMORY OF THIS MAN WHO BUILT NOT ONLY FOR HIS OWN TIME, BUT FOR FUTURE TIMES!

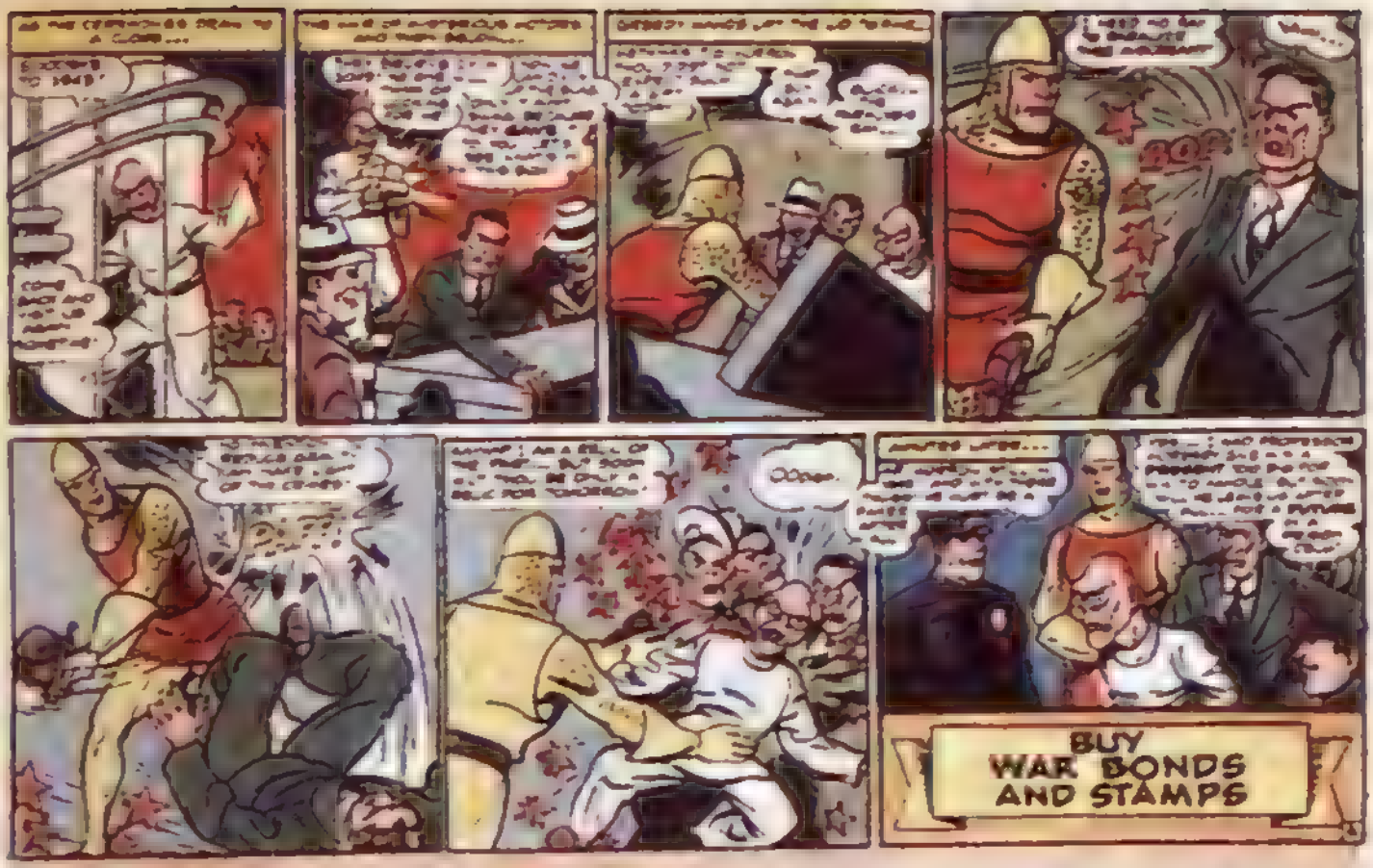
EAGER SPECTATOR IN THE AUDIENCE IS JUSTIN MORN— ONLY TO PROFESSOR MORESBY IS THE GAINING KNIGHT....
IN ARTHUR'S DAY, THERE WEREN'T AS MANY PEOPLE IN ALL CAMELOT AS ARE NOW ON THIS SQUARE!
SUDDENLY WHILE THE MAYOR SPEAKS A FANTASTIC FIGURE MATERIALIZES OUT OF NOWHERE!
WHERE DO HE COME FROM?
HE JUST APPEARED OUT OF THIN AIR!
AS THE DUMFOUNDED AUDIENCE STARES...
I BRING YOU GREETINGS FROM THE YEAR 2043!
SENSATION-SEEKING REPORT— ES BESIEGE THE STRANGE VISITOR!
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
HOW DO YOU GET HERE?
I AM T. O. MORROW! I COME FROM THE YEAR 2043! A TIME-MACHINE PROJECTED ME BACK TO YOUR OWN TIME!
IT CAN'T BE! HE'S A FAKER!
BUT THE MAYOR'S ACTION SILENCES THE SKEPTICS...
LCOME TO THE YEAR 43, MR. MORROW! ALL NGS ARE POSSIBLE SCIENCE! I BELIEVE URE TELLING E TRUTH!
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR! AS A HISTORIAN, I HAVE COME BACK TO INVESTIGATE MANY THINGS THAT THE RECORDS OF MY OWN TIME FAILED TO MENTION!
AND AS JUSTIN GAZES AFTER THE ASTOUNDING NEWCOMER...
LOOK OUT, MR. MORROW!
UGH... WHAT...?
WHISH!

THAT AUTOMOBILE TOOK ME BY SURPRISE! IN 2043, AUTOMOBILES NO LONGER EXIST! EVERY ONE RIDES BY PLANE! I SUPPOSE I SHOULD HAVE WAITED FOR THE GREEN LIGHT!
I HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE GETTING USED TO OUR WAYS, MR. MORROW!
I CAME FROM THE PAST. SO MAYBE ANOTHER CHAP COULD COME FROM THE FUTURE... BUT IF THEY DON'T USE AUTOMOBILES IN HIS TIME IT'S ODD HE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT OUR GREEN LIGHT SIGNALS!
HMM... THIS IS CAST OF PLASTER... AND IT'S HOLLOW! AH... MR. MORROW NO ENGLISH... AND WHILE THE ALDERMEN WATCHED THE MAYOR HE STEPPED OUT UNSEEN. HE'S A FAKER AND SHOULD BE EXPOSED BEFORE HE DOES ANY HARM!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT....
BEAT IT, WISE GUY!
WHAT...?
YA GOTTA LEARN TO MIND YER OWN BUSINESS... HUH!
SWISH!
YOU'RE A BAD TEACHER
LET THE PUPIL GIVE YOU A LESSON!
SOCK!
OW!
BUT SUPERMAN WORKED TEN...
THIS'LL KNOCK HIM AS DEAD AS THAT STATUE!
BUMP!
COME ON, WE GOTTA WORK FAST!


SECONDS LATER...
WHAT'RA MATTER, BLOKEY DO YOU FEEL?
THAT STATUE... IT'S NOT STONE... IT'S HOLLOW...
SAYS YOU! THIS IS SOLID... AT LEAST PLENTY!
HMM... SOMEONE HAS REPLACED THE PLASTER STATUE WITH THE GENUINE ONE! NOW IT WON'T BE SO EASY TO PROVE THAT MR. MORROWS A FRAUD! TIME TO MAKE A CHANGE! THINK!
AND SO AT THE MUSEUM ASSISTANT CURATOR JUSTIN BECOMES SIR JUSTIN, THE SHINING KNIGHT!
NOW SIR, I LEARN WHAT EVIL SCHEME THIS MR. MORROW HAS IN MIND... AND UNMASK HIM!
IN YON HOSTEL, HE DWELLETH AS THE CITY'S GUEST... DOWN VICTORY, SOMETHING STIRS UPON ITS ROOF!
HOT!
WE PUT THE REAL STATUE BACK BOSS! BUT ABOUT THAT RADIUM AT THE INVENTORS CONGRESS... WHAT'S THE GOOD OF STEALIN' IT THERE AIN'T NO FENCES TO BUY IT!
FOLLOW ORDERS, YOU FOOLS! I KNOW HOW TO GET A GOOD PRICE FOR IT!
METHINKS I SHALL ATTEND THAT CONGRESS... AND DISPLAY SOME INVENTIONS OF MINE OWN!
NEXT DAY, IN THE LECTURE HALL OF A GREAT UNIVERSITY.
GENTLEMEN TO CONVINCE YOU I COME FROM THE FUTURE, I AM GOING TO DISPLAY SOME OF THE SCIENCE OF THE YEAR 2043...
I INTEND TO CREATE THE PRECIOUS ELEMENT RADIUM, OUT OF WORTHLESS ELEMENTS!
I HOPE THE BOYS GET HERE SOON WITH THE STUFF!

MEANWHILE IN A HUGE BUILDING WHERE THE CONGRESS OF INVENTORS IS MEETING...
THIS IS A PARALYSER-GUN! ONE OF ITS RAYS WILL TEMPORARILY PREVENT A MAN FROM MOVING!
THE BOSS COULD USE THAT!
THIS IS AN ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE! IT CAN MAKE AN OBJECT WEIGH EXACTLY NOTHING!
NICE TRICK... BUT WE BETTER GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
THIS IS AN OLD INVENTION FOR PUTTING GUYS TO SLEEP! IT LOOKS PERFECT!
I.....
SUDDENLY FROM A PLACE OF CONCEALMENT IN AN UPPER GALLERY...
MASTER VICTORY HAD I KNOWN THEY INTENDED VIOLENCE, I WOULD HAVE INTERFERED SOONER!
NO FAIR... THREE AGAINST ONE! OWWW...
IT'S THREE FAIR TO ONE AS YOU... AS I SEE!
FREE ME VARLET! YON MACHINE WILL STRETCH WHAT NATURE GIVETH!
ATTACK FOR LORDS OF EARTH
EEEE-.....
WHAM!
HEY! LET ME DOWN!
YOU ART IN NEED OF SOME IMPROVEMENT KNAVE!
MECHANICAL HANGMAN TAKES YOU FOR A GOOD STRETCH!

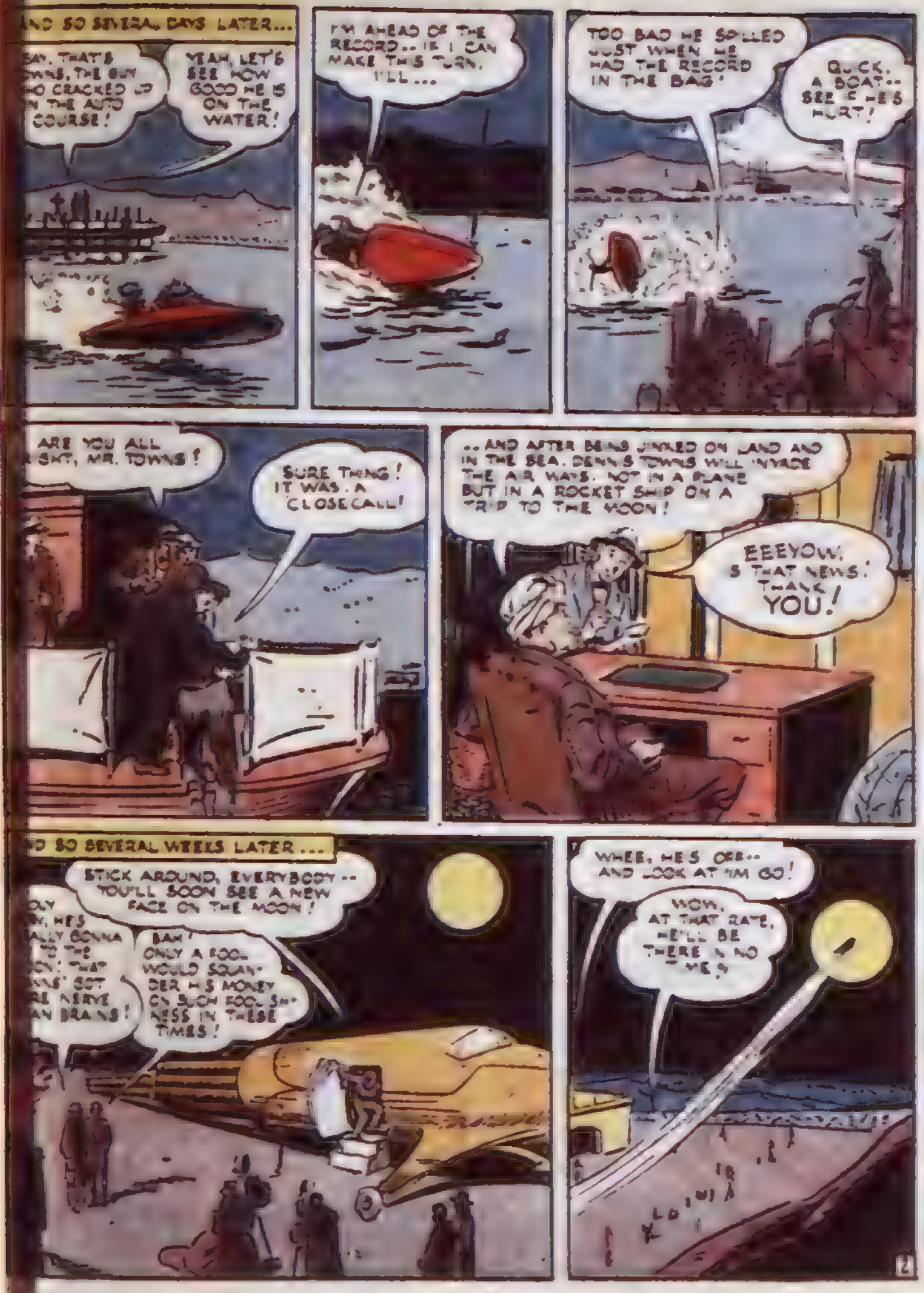
AND THIS MACHINE SHOULD JOUNCE THE EVIL OUT OF THEE!
YEOWW...
BUMP!
THUMP!
WHAM!
BUT AS THE KNIGHT PURSUES THE REMAINING THUGS...
AH!...
AND SO, SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
AH THE BOYS HAVE THE RADJUM!
ONE MOMENT GENTLEMEN WHILE I CONSULT WITH AN ASSISTANT!
IN THE SECLUSION OF A SMALL ROOM...
HERE'S THE RADJUM, BOSS! WE HAD TO FIGHT THE SHINING KNIGHT TO GET IT!
AND HERE ARE TWO MORE THINGS WE FIGURED YOU COULD USE BOSS!
GOOD! NOW I MUST GET BACK...
IT IS TIME TO SEE THE RESULTS OF THE EXPERIMENT! I SHALL OPEN THE MACHINE...
THE BOSS IS SURE CLEVER! PEOPLE THINK HE MADE THAT STUFF... HE WON'T NEED NO FENCE TO SELL...
HERE YOU SEE THE VIALS OF RADJUM... CREATED ARTIFICIALLY BY THE SCIENCE OF THE FUTURE!
MEANWHILE A DAZED SIR JUSTIN HAS SLOWLY THROWN OFF THE EFFECTS OF HALLUCINATORY LIGHTNING...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT KNIGHT?
I HAVE SUFFERED NO ILL EFFECTS!
THE VILLAINS MUST HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR MASTER WHO SPEAKS AT THE UNIVERSITY! I SHALL CATCH HIM IN THE PLUNDER!



FIRST, the "Brain Wave"
cuts 'em down to 8-inch
size... THEN...
THE JUSTICE
SOCIETY
swings into
action to stop
the gruesome menace

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

STARMAN
A PLAYBOY SQUANDERER IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT AND ADVENTURE REACHES FOR THE MOON AND SETS OFF A REIGN OF TERROR THAT ALMOST TURNS A CITY UPSIDE DOWN... UNTIL STARMAN BREAKS THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE TO UPSET THE FIENDISH PLANS OF...
"The Moonmen's Mugs!"
NATIONAL BANK
THE NORTH ATLANTIC SPEEDWAY... BREATHLESS SPECTATORS WATCH A SUPER-CHARGED SPEEDSTER OUT TO BREAK THE WORLD'S RECORD... SUDDENLY, THE CAR BOUNDS OUT OF CONTROL AND HURTLES MADLY...
LOOK, IT'S GOING TO CRASH!
THAT'S THE END OF PLAYBOY DENNIS TOWNS. HE'LL NEVER TRY TO BREAK ANOTHER RECORD!
AND IN THE HEADLINES THAT EVENING...
I'M THROUGH WITH AUTOMOBILE SPEED RECORDS... BUT I'VE STILL GOT A FAST MOTOR BOAT!
DAILY RECORD
DENNIS TOWNS MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPES DEATH AS CAR CRASHES!


AND SO SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
YEAH, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD HE IS ON THE WATER!
I'M AHEAD OF THE RECORD... IF I CAN MAKE THIS TURN, I'LL...
TOO BAD HE SPILLED JUST WHEN HE HAD THE RECORD IN THE BAG!
QUICK, A BOAT... SEE IF HE'S HURT!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. TOWNS!
SURE THING! IT WAS A CLOSE CALL!
..AND AFTER BEING JINXED ON LAND AND IN THE SEA, DENNIS TOWNS WILL INVADE THE AIR WAYS. NOT IN A PLANE BUT IN A ROCKET SHIP ON A TRIP TO THE MOON!
EEEYOW! S THAT NEWS! THANK YOU!
AND SO SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...
STICK AROUND, EVERYBODY.. YOU'LL SOON SEE A NEW FACE ON THE MOON!
BAH! ONLY A FOOL WOULD SQUANDER HIS MONEY ON SUCH FOOLISHNESS IN THESE TIMES!
WHEE, HE'S OFF.. AND LOOK AT 'IM GO!
WOW, AT THAT RATE, HE'LL BE THERE IN NO TIME!

AND AS THE YEARS GO ON...
HMM. NO SIGN OF THE SHIP ANYMORE -- GUESS, HE'S WELL ON HIS WAY!
AND SO AM I. I'M GETTIN' TIRED WAITING FOR THE MOON'S FACE TO CHANGE ME FOR HOME AND BED...
DENNIS TOWNS. YOU ARE AN UNWELCOME GUEST IN THE MOONMAN'S DOMAIN...
HOLY COW -- HE MADE IT. THE MOON'S TALKING!
G'WAN. IT'S SOME KIND OF A GAG!
DEATH IS YOUR REWARD FOR TRESPASSING!...
INSIDE THE MAIN CONTROL ROOM OF A MAJOR BROADCASTING STATION...
I GIVE UP. WE'VE CHECKED EVERY WAVE LENGTH -- AND CAN'T LOCATE THAT BROADCAST!
THEN THE SOUND WAVES ARE COMING FROM THE MOON -- AND DENNIS TOWNS' BEEN KILLED BY THE MOONMAN!
WHILE SKILLED ENGINEERS PONDER OVER THE PHENOMENON, WE LOOK INTO THE SHADOWS OF A NEARBY VACANT LOT, WHERE TED KNIGHT HOLDS THE GRAVITY ROD ALOFT.
IF THE MOON'S MADE OF GREEN CHEESE -- IT COULDN'T TALK. IF IT IS TALKING, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT HOW! THE WHOLE THING SEEMS CHEESEY TO ME!
WITH A BOUND, STARMAN HEADS FOR THE SKY TRAIL....
I'LL FOLLOW THE SOUND WAVES IF I HAVE TO MAKE A TRIP TO THE MOON WITHOUT A ROCKET SHIP!
... BUT THE EARTH SHALL NOT SO UNDERMINE THE MOONMAN WILL STRIKE WITH A... HIS FURY...
AS THE VOICE FROM THE MOON CEASES...
HE'S STOPPED TALKING WITHOUT THE MAGNETIC ATTRACTION OF THE SOUND WAVES. I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LOCATE HIM!

I GUESS I'LL DROP DOWN HERE AND WAIT TO FIND OUT HOW THE MOONMAN'S GOING TO PUNISH THE EARTH!
TONIGHT CONCERT
KERRRACK...
WHAT'S THAT!
HELP! LOOK!
YII--- THE CONCERT HALL'S CRACKING!
MUST DO SOMETHING! IT'S GOING TO TOPPLE ON THE SPECTATORS!
YOU THERE!-- GO INSIDE AND TELL THE PEOPLE TO LEAVE, WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THINGS OUT HERE!
STARMAN! SURE, ANYTHING YOU SAY!
THE FORCE OF THE GRAVITY ROD'LL HOLD THE WALLS IN PLACE LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO GET OUT-- I HOPE!
WOW! THAT'S ONE ORCHESTRA THAT BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN!
AND, IF IT WEREN'T FOR STARMAN, WE'D ALL BE UNDER IT!
THAT'S ALL, STARMAN. EVERYBODY'S OUT!
GOOD. NOW GET BACK!

AND AS THE ASTRAL MAN LOWERS THE ROD!!!
THAT'S THE END OF THE CONCERT HALL-- BUT YOU DID ALL YOU COULD!
NOT QUITE!
SOMETHING PHONY HERE. A BUILDING DOESN'T FALL APART JUST LIKE THAT. THE WRECKAGE MIGHT DISCLOSE A CLUE.
YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M GOIN' WITH YE!
BUT NO SOONER DO THEY REACH THE COLLAPSED BUILDING ...
GAS -- OUT OF HERE, QUICK!
(COUGH) GUESS THAT'S THE END OF OUR INVESTIGATIN' FOR A WHILE!
MAYBE! BUT I'LL STAY! IT MIGHT CLEAR UP SOONER THAN...
BUT, THE VOICE FROM THE MOON AGAIN FLOATS EARTHWARD, PUNCTUATING STARMAN'S STATEMENT.
THAT WAS ONLY A SAMPLE OF THE POWER OF THE MOONMAN...
I'LL KISS THE BLARNEY STONE IF HE AIN'T TALKING AGAIN!
GOOD AND I HOPE IT'S A LONG CRACKON THIS TIME!
AND NOW THE MOONMEN WILL COLLECT MY TRIBUTE FROM THE EARTH!
THE DEPARTMENT SURE COULD USE STARMAN'S ASSISTANCE!
COLLECT TRIBUTE! THAT MEANS ONLY ONE THING ...
HE'S GOING TO STRIKE AGAIN -- AND I'M GOING TO BE ON HAND TO... WHAT'S THAT?
EEEEYAH!!
THE WALLS ARE CRUMBLING!

AND AS STARMAN RETURNS TO GROUND, A GRINDING CRASH RENDS THE AIR.
--THE BANK'S CAVED IN!
SO, THAT'S WHERE THE MOONMEN ARE GOING TO COLLECT!
GAS OR NO GAS--THIS TIME STARMAN RIDES RIGHT THROUGH!
I'LL JUST GROPE AROUND AND SEE WHAT I CAN... WAIT! WHAT'RE THOSE SHADOWS!
STARMAN! WHAT A HERO! BUT HE'S NO MATCH FOR THE MOONMEN!
SOUNDS LIKE AN INVITATION -- AND I NEVER REFUSE ONE!
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S A POP'S KNUCKLES PARTY! MY KNUCKLES FOR THESE SWINE!
WHY WASTE TIME-- WHEN A BOLT FROM THE GRAVITY ROD'LL END THIS IN A...
JUST HOLD THAT POSE, STARMAN!
LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE TASTE OF GAS!
UGHHH...
PLEASANT DREAMS, STARMAN!
(COUGH) GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, (COUGH.)

THEIR COSTUMES PROTECT THEM FROM THE GAS. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY DISAPPEAR ...
THEY SAY EVERYTHING'S IN BOOKS — SO I'LL TRY THE LIBRARY!
PUBLIC LIBRARY
THE CITY'S HISTORY DATES BACK TO THE REVOLUTION, — WHEN THEY HAD... BOY, THIS IS IT! I'VE GOT TO GET GOING...
BOTH BUILDINGS WERE ON THE SAME LINE. THAT MEANS THE JEWELRY EXCHANGE IS NEXT!
BUT AS STARMAN REACHES THE GEM CENTER ...
YIIII— I'M GETTING AWAY FROM HERE — THE WHOLE TOWN'S FALLING TO PIECES!
I'VE WORKED HERE FOR THIRTY YEARS — BUT I NEVER THOUGHT MY BUSINESS WOULD CRASH LIKE THIS!
TOO LATE, THEY'VE STRUCK AGAIN! BUT I'LL FIND THEM SOON ENOUGH!
HEY, MAYBE WE'D BETTER STICK AROUND — STARMAN'S UP TO SOMETHING!
AND IT'S USUALLY SOMETHING GOOD!
THE HOLE RIGHT ABOUT HERE'LL DO IT!
IF HE RESTORES MY BUSINESS, HE CAN HAVE IT!
LOOK, HE'S DIVING INTO THE OPENING!
GOSH, IF HE'D ONLY GIVE ME THE PATENT ON THAT ROD, I'D MAKE A MILLION!
BELOW THE EARTH, THE ASTRAL MAN CONTINUES HIS SEARCH ..
JUST AS I THOUGHT — THEY WERE USING THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL! IN FACT...
OKAY, FELLAS, DIS IS EASIER THAN GETTING THE DOUGH OUT OF THE BANK!

THE MOONMEN— AND RIFLING A SAFE FROM THE JEWELRY EMBASSY THAT FELL THROUGH— BUT IT WON'T DO THEM ANY GOOD!
BOY, WHAT A LOAD OF ICE! LETS START FILLING THE BAGS AND ...
NOW YOU KNOW WHY THEY CALL IT HOT ICE!
YEEOW— I'M BURNING!
OUCH, ULP, IT'S STARMAN!
HOW'S THAT FOR TURNING OFF THE HEAT?
AND WATCH YE TURN IT RIGHT BACK ON— WITH A SOCK THIS TIME!
HMM, HE DOESN'T SEE ME — BUT, BOY WILL HE KNOW I'M HERE!
GOOD, WHILE STARMAN IS SEEING STARS, WE'LL EMPTY THE SAFE!
SEEMS TO ME I'VE MADE A GRAND SLAM!
OHHH!
OUTSIDE, THE SPECTATORS ARE GREETED BY A SURPRISE...
LOOK—THEY'RE FLYING! MUST BE THEM MOONMEN!
FLYING OFF THE END OF STARMAN'S FIST, I'D SAY! THEY'RE OUT COLD, EVERYONE OF 'EM!
LET'S REMOVE THE MASKS AND HAVE A LOOK AT THEIR FACES!
SAY, THEY'RE NOTHING BUT COMMON GANGSTERS WITH FANCY COSTUMES!
WITH ACID RESISTING SUITS TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE ACID POOLS THEY LAID AROUND THE BUILDINGS — TO MAKE THEM CAVE IN
THE BUILDINGS STOOD ON AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL— THAT WAS USED DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR BY COLONISTS TO ESCAPE FROM THE HESSIANS.
GOSH, I GET IT. THE BUILDINGS CAVED INTO THE TUNNEL AND THEN THEY LOOTED THEM! YEAH, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE...?

I KNOW -- THE MOONMAN! THIS TIME I'LL BE READY FOR HIM!
GOSH, THAT FELLA SURE THINKS OF EVERYTHING!
MEANWHILE, THE DREAD VOICE OF THE MOONMAN RINGS OUT AGAIN...
MOONMEN ON EARTH -- RETURN -- WHAT'S HOLDING YOU!
THE MOONMEN WEREN'T MOONMEN -- SO THE MOONMAN'S A PHONY ALSO. LET'S SEE IF THE GRAVITY ROD CAN PICK UP ANY SOUND WAVES FROM EARTH.
I'M BEING CARRIED THAT WAY -- TOWARD THE SHACK! THAT'S WHERE THE SOUND WAVES ARE COMING FROM -- HERE GOES!
DESCENDING, STARMAN MELTS THE OUTER WALL OF THE SHACK TO FIND...
DENNIS TOWNS, THE MOONMAN!
YEAH, AT LAST STARMAN MEETS MOONMAN! I'VE GOT A SLUG WITH YOUR NAME ON...
BUT I'VE GOT THE GRAVITY ROD THAT STILL BEATS ANYTHING YOU MIGHT HAVE!
I GIVE UP -- DON'T USE IT ANYMORE! I GIVE UP!
GO ON, SPEAK -- THIS IS YOUR LAST BROADCAST!
... AND AFTER I LOST MY MONEY TRYING TO BEAT SPEED RECORDS, I HIT ON THIS TRIP TO THE MOON IDEA AS A BLIND FOR THE ROBBERIES. I KNEW ABOUT THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL...
MONEY TALKS - AND SHOOTS! HIT THE MARK BY BUYING
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!
9

ENERGY

IS AMMUNITION!

TONS of explosives are carried by these monstrous U.S. Army ammunition supply trucks. Driving at a fast clip to supply detachments of soldiers at the front, there's real ENERGY in the motors as well as in the cargos of dynamite they're delivering . . .

DEXTROSE IS AMMUNITION FOR THE BODY

Dextrose, as found in BABY RUTH Candy, feeds food-energy into muscles and blood-stream, just as these ammunition trucks feed shells and powder to guns at the front . . .

BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE

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TELL MOTHER YOU'D LIKE THESE DELICIOUS COOKIES —SO EASY TO MAKE WITH TASTY BABY RUTH RECIPE OR THEY ARRIVED

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

If you [illegible] the candy counter one day, try again the next. Normally, Uncle Sam's candy ration [illegible]

MANHUNTER
25 25
U·S·POSTAGE
IT WAS ONLY A BIT OF PAPER... AN INCH LONG AND AN INCH WIDE, BUT FOR THIS A MAN SLEW... SWIFTLY AND CERTAINLY! FOR IT WAS THIS STAMP— THE HAWAIIAN QUEEN, WHICH BORE THE LEGENDARY LILIUOKALANI THAT HE TREASURED MOST AND ON WHICH HE PUT A VALUE HIGHER THAN LIFE ITSELF! BUT THEN CAME MANHUNTER— AND AFTER THOROUGHLY PASTING THIS FIENDISH PHILATELIST... CLOSED THE COVERS ON HIS...
"CATALOGUE OF CRIME"!
2 FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

COME ON, JAMES...TELL US ABOUT YOUR FAMOUS HAWAIIAN QUEEN STAMP.
VERY WELL! THEY WERE PRINTED ESPECIALLY FOR A LETTER THAT QUEEN LILUOKALANI SENT TO CAPTAIN NED THOMAS! THEY WERE IN LOVE, BUT COULDN'T MARRY!
AFTER CAPTAIN THOMAS GOT ONE OF HER LETTERS, HE WAS KILLED IN A HURRICANE! THE QUEEN WAS HEARTBROKEN! SHE PUT A CURSE ON THE STAMPS! LISTEN TO THIS... EVERY MAN WHO OWNED THESE STAMPS MET SUDDEN DEATH!
LET'S GO INTO THE LIVING ROOM WHILE THEY DISCUSS STAMPS!
RIGHT YOU ARE! PRICE'S PROUD OF HIS COLLECTION, BUT THOMAS IS WILD ABOUT HIS OWN!
DO YOU KNOW THAT ROGER THOMAS' GRANDFATHER WAS THE CAPTAIN NED THOMAS?
NO, I DIDN'T. SAY IN THAT CASE HE MUST WANT THE HAWAIIAN QUEEN STAMP BADLY.
A DREARY HOUR PASSES. THEN ROGER THOMAS EMERGES FROM THE STUDY...
HELLO! JAMES'LL BE OUT SOON! HE'S PUTTING HIS STAMPS INTO THE SAFE!
WELL, I GUESS YOU'VE ENJOYED YOURSELF!
HELLO! WHAT'S THAT!
SOUNDS LIKE A SHOT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO JAMES PRICE!
BANG
HE'S DEAD... BULLET THROUGH THE HEART!
THE LEGEND OF THE HAWAIIAN QUEEN COME TRUE AGAIN!
'TIS MURDER! I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE.
I MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO DESTROY CLUES WHILE I'M PUTTING OUT THE FIRE!
LOOK! THE KILLER OVERLOOKED THE RICHEST HAUL! THE QUEENS ARE SAFE!!

GOOD GRIEF! I'M WRONG! HE STOLE ONLY ONE OF THE QUEENS!
SO THAT'S THE MOTIVE—THEFT! BUT WHY DO HE TAKE ONLY ONE STAMP WHEN HE COULD HAVE TAKEN BOTH?
A CHORUS OF WAILING SIRENS—AND THE HOMICIDE SQUAD BRAKES TO A STOP BEFORE THE HOUSE OF THE DECEASED, AND—
THIS WAY, LIEUTENANT O'RORY!
LET'S SEE THE BODY FIRST! THEN WE'LL QUESTION YOU—SO STICK AROUND!
AFTER EXAMINING THE CORPSE, O'RORY TURNS TO THE GUESTS—
SO PAUL KIRK WAS HERE, TOO? WELL, I'LL SEND AN OFFICER TO BRING HIM IN! NOW, YOU, MR. THOMAS, WHY DO YOU MURDER JAMES PRICE?
H-HOW CAN YOU ACCUSE ME? I DIDN'T KILL POOR JAMES!
I REALIZE THE POSITION IN WHICH HIS DEATH PLACES ME! YOU SEE, WE WILLED OUR STAMP COLLECTIONS TO EACH OTHER—BUT I GIVE YOU MY SOLEMN WORD—
NOT WORDS, MR. THOMAS! ACTION IS WHAT THE POLICE WANT—AND THAT'S WHAT THEY'LL GET!
MANHUNTER! AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO LET ME CRACK A CASE BY MYSELF?
IF YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF BY NOT ACCUSING EVERYBODY! LOOK HERE, THOMAS—DID YOU HEAR A NOISE AFTER THE SHOT WAS FIRED?
WHY, NO—THERE WAS ABSOLUTELY NO SOUND AT ALL!
WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, MANHUNTER?
PAUL KIRK ISN'T AT HOME, SIR!
SO HE SKIPPED, EH? BROADCAST AN ALARM FOR HIM AT ONCE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER? THINK PAUL KIRK KILLED PRICE?
OH, NO, NOT HIM! HE'S JUST A DUMB PLAYBOY! BUT I'M SURE HE SAW SOMETHING THAT THE KILLER WANTS TO CONCEAL!
5

DUSK...THE POLICE HAVE REMOVED PRICE'S BODY, AND MANHUNTER CAREFULLY SCOURS THE MURDER ROOM TO CHECK HIS THEORY!
: REMEMBER THE CARPET BURN NO! FLYING EMBERS FROM THE FIREPLACE COULDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE!
IT'S SOMETHING ELSE! IF I CAN FIND IT...THE CASE IS CLOSED!
CARTRIDGES! ONE WAS LOADED...THE OTHERS WERE EMPTY!
THE SHADOW ENSHROUDED FIGURE AIMS...SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER--
NEXT TIME YOU TRY TO SHOOT SOMEBODY IN THE BACK, BE SURE YOU AREN'T REFLECTED IN A SHINY VASE!
I'LL GET YOU NEXT TIME!
HERE'S A RETURN MATCH... MY MURDERING FRIEND!
THERE'S A SILENCER ATTACHED TO HIS GUN! THAT PLUGS THE LAST HOLE IN MY THEORY! O'RORY, I THINK WE'VE GOT OUR MAN!
CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY'.... HELLO, HE'S ESCAPED THROUGH THAT WINDOW!

MAYBE HE KNOWS I'M AWARE OF HIS IDENTITY... THAT MAKES HIM DOUBLY DANGEROUS!
TRACKS PRESSED HARD AND BROKEN GRASS HE WAS RUNNING --- CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR HURRYING!
THE TRAIL ENDS AT THE SIDEWALK, BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER... I'LL RETURN TO MY ORIGINAL PLAN OF ACTION!
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON? OH, IT'S YOU, MANHUNTER?
TERSELY, MANHUNTER RELATES THE INCIDENT TO O'RORY...
---HE GOT AWAY, ALL RIGHT...BUT I'M SURE HE DON'T GO FAR!
WHO WAS HE? DID YOU SEE HIS FACE?
NO! HE WAS MASKED! BY THE WAY, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU... AN INTERESTING CLUE I FOUND IN THE FIREPLACE!
CARTRIDGES! DON'T TELL ME IT WAS SUICIDE! THE FELLOW WHO KILLED PRICE TRIED TO KILL YOU AND THAT'S MURDER!
RIGHT! NO NOISE AFTER THE SHOT... THESE CARTRIDGES... AND ONE HAWAIIAN QUEEN STAMP MISSING! DO THEY MAKE SENSE TO YOU?
NO... THEY DON'T!
WELL, THEY DO TO ME! IN FACT, I KNOW WHO KILLED JAMES PRICE! BUT I'LL TELL YOU IN DUE TIME! MEANWHILE TAKE THE CARTRIDGES, O'RORY AND STUDY THEM... IT'S YOUR HOMEWORK!

MIDNIGHT...
STEALTHILY, THE FORMER FUGITIVE SNEAKS BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...
THE HAWAIIAN QUEENS, ALL MINE IN A MOMENT! THEN... MEXICO, SOUTH AMERICA, ANYWHERE! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME!
MY HANDS... THEY'RE GLOWING!! IT'S A TRAP!
MANHUNTER! HE'S TRICKED ME... BUT HE WON'T HAVE THE LAST LAUGH! I'LL GET HIM... IF IT COSTS ME MY OWN LIFE!
REPELLED BY FURY, THE KILLER CHARGES INTO THE CORRIDOR... THE MYSTERIOUS GLOW ON HIS HANDS IDENTIFYING HIM TO WATCHFUL POLICE...
THERE HE IS... THE KILLER! LIGHTS ON!
STAY AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL FIRE! I'M WARNING YOU!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE TO SHOOT AT US, WOULD YOU?
DROP THAT GUN, PAL--- OR SOMEONE'S GONNA GET HURT!
IT WON'T BE ME!
LOOK OUT! HE MEANS IT!
TAKE COVER!

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO SHATTER HIS CONFIDENCE!
I KILLED PRICE! BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM! YOU WON'T GET ME! NEVER! NEVER!
WHILE ABOVE, MANHUNTER VIEWS THE DRAMA, TENSELY WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO NAB THE KILLER!
HEADS UP, KILLER! THIS IS THE WAY THE NOOSE IS GOING TO DROP ON YOU!
IT'S...IT'S YOU, MANHUNTER!!
IN THE FLESH.. AND HERE'S A SAMPLE OF IT!
BOING
OH!
TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT STEADY ON YOUR FEET--- YOU'VE GOT TO WALK THE LAST MILE!
REMEMBER WHEN YOU TRIED TO MURDER ME? WELL, THIS MAKES US SQUARE!
HELP! TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME!
THEY'LL TAKE YOU AWAY... AND YOU'RE NEVER COMING BACK!
WHAM!
COME ON, BOYS! RIP OFF THAT MASK! - LET'S SEE WHO HE IS!
WAIT A MINUTE. YOU'RE GOING TO SOLVE A RIDDLE BEFORE YOU UNMASK HIM!

WHATTAYA MEAN—RIDDLE? WE HEARD HIM CONFESS, AND WE'VE THE RIGHT TO UNMASK HIM!
TAKE IT EASY! IT PAYS TO KNOW ALL FACTS ON THE CASE! HE'S ALL YOURS, ANYWAY!
THIS LUMINOUS STUFF ON HIS HANDS? A WHITE POWDER, NAPHTHONATE OF SODIUM...USED TO CATCH BURGLARS IN THEIR ACT! I SIMPLY BORROWED THIS IDEA FROM YOUR POLICE MANUAL!
BUT WHAT WAS THE SHOT?
GO AHEAD, MANHUNTER!
REMEMBER I ASKED THE WITNESSES IF THEY HEARD ANY NOISE AFTER THE SHOT? WELL CONSIDER THIS.. WHEN A MAN IS SHOT HE FALLS! ON THE OTHER HAND THE WITNESSES SAID THERE WAS NO NOISE! CONCLUSION? PRICE WAS ALREADY DEAD WHEN THE SHOT WAS FIRED!
HERE'S THE CHECK.. THE KILLER MURDERED PRICE WITH THIS GUN! NOTE THE SILENCER.. IT MUFFLES GUNSHOTS!
IF YOU LOOK AT THE CARPET IN THE STUDY, YOU'LL SEE IT'S BADLY BURNED! IT TAKES A STRONG EXPLOSION TO SPREAD SO MANY EMBERS! THE EXPLOSION WAS CAUSED BY ONE LOADED CARTRIDGE, WHICH SOUNDS EXACTLY LIKE A SHOT!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS!
SIMPLE..IF THERE WERE ONLY ONE CARTRIDGE, IT WOULD GIVE AWAY THE SHOW! BY ADDING DUMMY CARTRIDGES, MR KILLER MADE US THINK THAT PRICE HAD A HABIT OF THROWING WASTED CARTRIDGES INTO THE FIREPLACE! WAIT A MINUTE..HAVE SOMEBODY BRING THE HAWAIIAN QUEEN!
MENNESSY, BRING IN THE STAMP!
THINK OF THIS..IF THE MURDERER'S MOTIVE WAS TO STEAL THE HAWAIIAN QUEEN WHY DID HE TAKE ONLY ONE? IT'S TOO HARD TO BELIEVE HE WOULD NEGLECT THE OTHER AN EQUALLY VALUABLE STAMP! THE ANSWER IS THAT THE OTHER HAWAIIAN QUEEN IS IN THE BOX!
SHOW ME!
HERE IT IS! THE BEST PLACE TO HIDE A STAMP IS TO SEAL IT TO ANOTHER! NOBODY'D BE WISER UNLESS HE KNEW WHERE TO LOOK! THE KILLER USED A WEAK RUBBER CEMENT SOLUTION WHICH DOESN'T HARM THE STAMP!
GOSH!!

THE MURDERER AND JAMES PRICE WERE ALONE! HE SHOT HIS VICTIM, PASTED THE STAMP TO ITS MATE, PLANTED THE CARTRIDGES! THEN HE CAME OUT OF THE STUDY AND MADE AN ALIBI FOR HIMSELF WHEN THE CARTRIDGE WENT OFF! WHO WAS THAT MAN!
ROGER THOMAS! THE OTHER STAMP COLLECTOR!
BUT WHY SHOULD HE STEAL HIS OWN STAMP!
RIGHT! HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH WHEN HE SAID HE HAS MUCH TO GAIN BY PRICE'S DEATH! PRICE'S COLLECTION WAS WILLED TO HIM!
DON'T YOU SEE? HE WANTED TO SELL THE STOLEN STAMP AND KEEP THE OTHER! THAT WAS HIS WAY OF EATING HIS CAKE AND HAVING IT, TOO!
SAY! THE HAWAIIAN QUEEN SURE KILLS ALL HER OWNERS!
THAT'S THE BUNK! IN THE FIRST PLACE, QUEEN LILIUOKALANI NEVER FELL IN LOVE WITH A YANKEE SKIPPER! SHE WAS OF ROYALTY—DON'T FORGET THAT! PERHAPS THOMAS INVENTED THAT STORY HIMSELF! AND IN THE SECOND PLACE, LOOK UP THE LIST OF FORMER OWNERS—I SUPPOSE YOU'LL FIND ONLY A FEW DID DIE—BUT THAT WAS COINCIDENCE!
HEY! WHERE'S PAUL KIRK!
THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM! SO LONG—SEE YOU LATER!
YEAH—I GUESS WE WILL!
AND SO—WHILE ROGER THOMAS IS BROUGHT TO THE BAR OF JUSTICE FOR THE MURDER OF JAMES PRICE—
—O'RORY LEADS A POLICE SQUAD TO PAUL KIRK'S APARTMENT!
THERE YOU ARE! SAY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
I CAN ASK YOU THE SAME! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF CHARGING IN HERE?
THE MURDER OF JAMES PRICE—BUT—WELL, THAT'S ALL CLEARED UP—
IN THAT CASE, SORRY I INCONVENIENCED YOU GENTLEMEN BY DRAGGING YOU DOWN HERE! SO-O-O, GOOD MORNING AND GOOD-BYE!

A VOTE FOR SHERIFF

by Ed Blake

WELL, howdy stranger, my name's Jeb Tomkins, and I'd sure like to welcome you to Cartertown on behalf of the voters. I'm representing the regular party, stranger—well, shucks what am I callin' you stranger for, when you've been in this county long enough to cast you first vote. I'm representing the committee that wants to re-elect Lafe Wade as Sheriff again, sir.

Oh, you've seen Lafe around town, have you, sir? Yes, I agree he sure does look a mite old. But don't let that fool you, sir. Old heads are usually a lot smarter than wise ones. Oh yes, Lafe's been Sheriff of this county nigh onto twenty years, and we old settlers here don't figure on making a change. And there won't be any, sir. We folks that know Lafe are going to keep him right in office!

What's that, sir? You think Lafe couldn't hold his own with today's criminals? Why where were you when the Brown murder case came up? Oh, I forgot, you weren't living around here last year, were you? So you wouldn't remember Alf Barton.

Alf Barton was a stranger to these parts a couple of years ago. Now, when this town don't cotton to nobody, sir, it's a pretty bad state of affairs. But, like Sheriff Lafe always said, there's a little bit of good in every bit of bad, and it only has to be brought out. Farmer Brown and his wife thought that way, too: but, naturally, they didn't know Alf Barton then.

Well, sir, Alf put up a pretty stiff argument when Farmer Brown spoke to him. He claimed that a lot of people in town were persecuting him. "Because I don't come from around here," he says, "they're all set to take trouble out of my hide."

He wasn't much to look at, this Alf Barton. He had those kind of eyes that never look right into another man's, and there was a sort of whine in his voice. But when he said he was being unjustly persecuted, well Farmer Brown just up and said, "I don't see why you don't get a fair chance, like any other citizen. How'd you like to come out and work on my place."

Naturally, there was some, like myself, who thought Farmer and Mrs. Brown was making a mistake, taking a shiftless no'er do well like Alf Barton into their place.

Well, that's the way things stood, and, believe it or not, sir, I never figured a leopard could change his spots. But this Alf Barton seemed to be doing just that. Farmer Brown reported that he was a hard worker, and had a good head for figgers.

But you could have knocked me down with a cornhusk, sir, that first Sunday Alf Barton came into church with the Browns. He had been working for them all summer; and a change sure showed in his face. His whole body looked like a load had been lifted from it; Lafe said later that maybe it was because Alf had always been kicked around. And that was no post-haste judgment, sir, because, like I always said, Alf was one of that kind you couldn't be too sure of. Why, didn't he go and have a fight right in a tavern with Willie Hodges, who used to pal around with Alf! Willie is a local boy though, and some of us took his side. Even though we knew he was always drinking and gambling, he managed to get enough work as a gardener to keep himself alive. Naturally, Sheriff Lafe, who happened along in time to break up the fight, wanted to know what happened, but Alf got sulky and wouldn't say. 'Pears like he wouldn't even talk to the Browns about it, neither.

Well, by the time the first snow fell, we all had forgotten about the fight. And then something happened—just like one of them cloudbursts. Stranger, the Browns just disappeared. Just like that. They had just plumb disappeared and so did Alf.

Talk about a sensation, sir. This town sure had it. Maybe you read where they picked up Alf in Chicago, though. He claimed Farmer Brown had sent him there to buy some farm machinery that was going to be sold at a private sale. I'll say one thing for Alf—he sure showed grief.

"I tell you I didn't kill them," he said. "I don't know where they are. And I didn't take their money, either."

I was right there, sir, through the whole thing, being Lafe's chief deputy like I am. All of a sudden, Sheriff Lafe asks quiet-like, "Did you do it, Alf?"

And I'm telling you, Alf's eyes looked right into the Sheriff's and he said, simply: "I didn't, Sheriff. But I've an idea who might have." His face was grim. "If you'll allow me my freedom."

Crazy? That's just what I thought, sir; only I figured Sheriff Lafe was the crazy one, not Alf Barton. Why, if they let this . . . this . . . murderer go free, the case would never be solved. And what did Sheriff Lafe say? Just this, sir. "I trust you, son," he said. "Go ahead. And if you need me . . ."

"I do," Alf Barton said. And

Well, you'll never guess what happened, sir. Sheriff Lafe and Alf Barton, well they just went out to Willie Hodges house. I got the whole story, later, from Sheriff Lafe. That fight you recall I was telling you about—well, Alf had fought with Willie because Hodges wanted him to help steal the money Farmer

Brown always kept in the house!

Well, sir, Willie was as cool as a cucumber when Alf and Sheriff Lafe came in. "I see," he says, "that you have captured the fugitive."

Sometimes I think maybe Sheriff Lafe could have stopped Alf's sudden-like leap if he wanted to. Alf was screaming mad, pounding at Willie. He forced him back against the wall, then threw him to the floor. And you know what he did, sir, that Alf Barton. He tore off Willie's overalls. Yes sir, that's just what he did—tore off them overalls, and then he ripped the legs from Willie's underwear. He grabbed Willie's right leg and said, "Look, Sheriff Lafe, is that the kind of marks a swollen ankle leaves?"

And there they were—teeth scars! Just as though they had been made by a dog. Well, Willie just stood there trembling. "Are you crazy?" he cried out to Alf. "I was bit by a dog when I was a kid. I've had those marks since then."

"Just a minute, Sheriff Lafe," Alf says coolly. "I think you ought to know that the day I left, I got Farmer Brown a watchdog, an English bull. I was a little worried about Willie, but I didn't want to alarm the Browns." He pointed a finger at Willie. "And Willie, not knowing the dog was there, was bitten by him when he tried to rob the Browns."

"It's a lie," Willie screamed. "A lie. There's no proof." His eyes got wily like. "Besides, where is the dog now?"

Willie had them there. Sheriff Lafe knew that, because he knows law well as any lawyer in this county. It was something called corpus delicti—you know, that missing body business. Well, Sheriff Lafe told me he had to drag Alf Barton out—but then, once outside, Alf Barton cooled off, as though a thought had just struck him.

We didn't know what that idea was for a long time, sir. Alf, he just spent the rest of the winter doing the work around the Brown farm and staring out at the lawns.

The whole town almost went crazy with suspense. Willie Hodges was going around, saying how Alf Barton tried to pin the happenings on him. Long about spring, public opinion had gotten around to the point where a committee called on Sheriff Lafe to demand he arrest Alf Barton for the murder of his benefactors.

I was on that committee, sir, so I was in the office when the phone rang. It was a lovely spring day and the grass was up fine, almost overnight it seemed. I'll never forget the look on Sheriff Lafe's face when he said to us: "Gentlemen, you have wanted the murderer of the Browns arrested. I'm ready to make that arrest now, I think."

Surprised? We almost fell over; and almost fell again when Sheriff Lafe brought Willie Hodges along. Willie was smiling and smirking when the news was told him. Alf Barton was sitting outside the house waiting for us. We sure thought he had gone crazy 'cause he had a few shovels alongside him. He didn't waste words, just spoke to Sheriff Lafe and pointed. I heard him say "There, Sheriff. See." I looked with the rest but couldn't see nothing but grass. 'ceptin' that one patch looked greener than the other.

And Willie Hodges seen it too. And he started to run, but Sheriff Lafe grabbed him. Well, sir, we men dug and there they were—two bodies and the body of a bulldog. Willie Hodges confessed then: he had killed the Browns, knowing Alf would be away. He buried their bodies and the dog's in the lawn, figuring no one would ever find them. But Alf Barton had suspicioned such a thing. And he knew that come spring, if he were right, the grass would grow greener where the bodies were buried!

That's all, sir. So you see we think Sheriff Lafe's a mighty smart man, even if he don't want to run again. His opponent? Why, Alf Barton—I thought everybody knew that.

MIKE GIBBS,
GUERRILLA
WHEREVER THE JAPANAZI MENACE STRIKES... WHEREVER THE DESPISED TENTACLES OF OPPRESSION AND DESTRUCTION REACH OUT FOR NEW VICTIMS TO CONQUER... THERE THEY WILL FIND GUERRILLA, ONE-MAN ARMY OF THE ALLIES SPARK OF MAN'S BATTLE WITH TYRANNY.
AND THE NAZIS FIND THIS GALLANT CRUSADER IN THE RICH STEPPES OF RUSSIA WHEN THE WEHRMACHT RUMBLES DOWN LIKE A BEAST OF PREY, ONLY TO BE TRAPPED BY...
THE ART OF WAR!
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
OUR OBJECTIVE IS TAKEN, HERR OBERST!
EXCELLENT! TELL ME, KAPITAN, IS THIS NOT THE VILLAGE THAT CONTAINS THE MYSHKIN MUSEUM WHICH THE RUSSIAN SWINE PRIZE?
JA, HERR OBERST!
THEN WE WILL GIVE THOSE PIGS AN OBJECT LESSON!
SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIA—THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE RUTHLESS NAZI HORDE SWEEPS INTO A HELPLESS VILLAGE...

SPEAK UP SCHWEIN-HUNDE, IF YOU DON'T WANT A BULLET THROUGH THE HEAD! WHERE IS THIS MYSHKIN MUSEUM!
A HALF MILE EAST OF THE VILLAGE... JUST OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY!
THE NAZI OFFICER ISSUES A TYPICAL, SPITEFUL, MALICIOUS ORDER!
KAPITAN! TAKE A DETACHMENT AND DESTROY THAT MUSEUM! BURN IT TO THE GROUND! WE WILL SHOW THESE PEASANTS THAT OUR ARMY ALSO KNOWS HOW TO WAGE A "SCORCHED EARTH" WAR!
JA, HERR OBERST!
GO! TELL YOUR FRIENDS WHAT IS HAPPENING! WARN THEM THAT WORSE WILL HAPPEN IF THEY DARE RESIST THE MIGHT OF OUR INVINCIBLE ARMY!
IN A BACK ALLEY THE "FRIGHTENED" RUSSIANS ASSUME A DIFFERENT ROLE...
IT MAKES ME LAUGH TO THINK THAT OUR MEN ARE ALREADY TAKING EVERYTHING OUT OF THE MUSEUM! THE "INVINCIBLE" ARMY IS IN FOR ANOTHER SURPRISE!
COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO JOIN THE GUERRILLA FIGHTERS AT THE COLLECTIVE! WE HAVE OUR OWN WORK TO DO!
IN THE DEEP GOLDEN WHEAT-FIELDS OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE STANDS A GLEAMING WHITE HOUSE -- HOME OF PRICELESS ART-TREASURES -- THE MYSHKIN MUSEUM!
INSIDE, STRONG HANDS MOVE SWIFTLY IN A RACE AGAINST TIME!
HURRY, COMRADES! THE NAZIS WILL SOON BE HERE TO LOOT AND DESTROY!
IS THIS PICTURE WORTH SAVING? MAYBE WE SHOULD LEAVE IT FOR THE NAZIS, EH? IT WILL GIVE THEM NIGHTMARES!
AND WORKING WITH THE INDOMITABLE RUSSIAN PEASANTS IS MIKE GIBBS... ACE-CORRESPONDENT... KNOWN THE WORLD OVER AS GUERRILLA!
MY FRIEND, YOU'RE A GREAT FIGHTER BUT YOU'RE NO ART CRITIC! THAT HAPPENS TO BE A FAMOUS PICASSO!
SUDDENLY---
LOOK OUT, YOUNGSTER!
IVAN, IVAN! I WAS WATCHING IN THE FIELDS! A DETACHMENT OF NAZIS IS COMING! THEY'LL BE HERE IN A MINUTE!
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NAZIS HERE, ALREADY? THEN WE'RE TOO LATE!
NOT TOO LATE TO MAKE A FIGHT OF IT! QUICK! UNLOAD EVERYTHING! THEY WON'T GET THESE TREASURES SO EASILY!
THAT'S TELLING 'EM, NAN!
I CAME HERE TO GET A STORY OF A RUSSIAN VILLAGE AT WAR FOR MY PAPER... AND I'M CERTAINLY GETTING IT!
THE NAZI SWINE MAY BE COMING TO ACQUIRE OUR COLLECTION, BUT THEY ARE GOING TO COLLECT NOTHING BUT LEAD!
AND THE GRIM LAUGHTER OF MACHINE GUNS GREETS THE SQUADRON OF NAZI MARAUDERS!
ACHTUNG! TAKE COVER! SURROUND THE HOUSE! IT IS FORTIFIED!
LIKE SQUEALING RATS, THE NAZI SOLDIERS DROP FOR COVER IN THE HIGH WHEAT...
SCHMIDT! RUSH BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND GET GRENADES! WE WILL BLAST THAT MUSEUM TO THE GROUND!
JA, HERR KAPITAN!
THEY'RE SENDING FOR GRENADES TO BOMB THE MUSEUM! THEY'RE NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!
THAT MUST NOT HAPPEN! WE CANNOT LET THESE TREASURES BE DESTROYED! WE MUST DO SOMETHING!
AND A QUICK-THINKING FIGHTER ACTS WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!
GUERRILLA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU WILL BE KILLED!
YOU BOYS STAY IN THERE AND KEEP FIGHTING! I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO GET US OUT OF THIS MESS!
MINUTES LATER.. AN ABRUPT BARRAGE FROM OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM BLASTS THE BESIEGING SOLDIERS..
BLAST THIS WHEAT! THEY HAVE SLIPPED OUT THROUGH IT AND ARE TRYING TO OUTFLANK US!
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SCHNELL! WITH ME! WE WILL WIPE OUT THOSE FLANKERS WHILE OUR LINE STILL HOLDS THE MUSEUM! THOSE SHOTS CAME FROM NEAR THAT SCARECROW! THAT'S WHERE THE RUSSIANS ARE HIDING!
ACH! BUT THERE IS NOTHING HERE, HERR KAPITAN!
THEY HAVE RETREATED BACK TO THE MUSEUM!
WE SCARED THEM OFF! ALL RIGHT, BACK TO YOUR PLACES!
BUT AS THE TROOPERS SCURRY BACK TO THEIR LINES..
NOT TOO MUCH NOISE, MY FRIEND! I NEED THAT UNIFORM OF YOURS!
IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR ASSISTANT, THE LIEUTENANT, IS GOING TO RECEIVE A VISIT FROM A NEW STAFF CAPTAIN WHO'S GOING TO TAKE OVER THIS FIGHT - TEMPORARILY!
WITH THE CURT AIR OF A COMMANDING OFFICER, GUERRILLA STALKS INTO THE NAZI LINES...
I'M KAPITAN BROUN, INSPECTING OPERATIONS FOR THE FIELD ARMY! YOU ARE...?
LEUTNANT GROOS, SIR! WE ARE ABOUT TO DESTROY THAT MUSEUM!
DUMKOPF! IDIOT! THAT BUILDING MUST NOT BE DESTROYED! IT MUST BE CAPTURED! DON'T YOU KNOW IT CONTAINS THE KEY TO THE RUSSIAN ARMY CODE!
JA, HERR KAPITAN! JA, HERR KAPITAN! BUT YOU KNOW I CAN ONLY TAKE ORDERS FROM MY IMMEDIATE SUPERIOR, THE HERR OBERST!
I MUST ASK YOU, HERR KAPITAN, TO GO BACK TO TOWN AND INFORM THE HERR OBERST OF THESE NEW DEVELOPMENTS SO HE CAN COUNTERMAND MY ORDERS! SCHMIDT! STATLER! DRIVE THE KAPITAN BACK! SCHNELL!

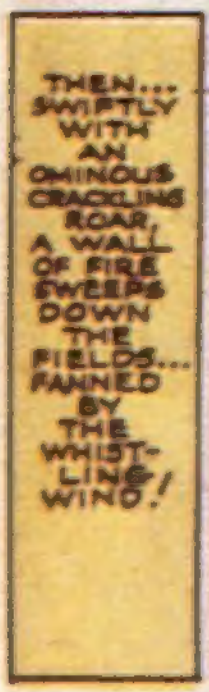
AS A NAZI ARMORED CAR SPEEDS BACK ON ITS MISSION . . .
I HAD TO GIVE IN OR HE'D BECOME SUSPICIOUS! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY, FAST! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE COLLECTIVE BEFORE THE RUSSIANS LEAVE FOR GUERRILLA HIDEOUTS!
SORRY, BOYS! THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT!
ACH!
HERR KAPITAN!!
STEEL SCREAMS AS A TON OF HURTLING NAZI METAL PILES UP IN ROARING WRECKAGE!
HAPPY LANDINGS!
WOW! LUCKY THIS WHEAT ABSORBED THE SHOCK OR I'D BE SPLASHED ALL OVER THE LANDSCAPE!
SECONDS LATER, GUERRILLA SPRINTS SWIFTLY ACROSS THE WIND-BLOWN FIELDS TOWARD THE COLLECTIVE-FARM BUILDINGS . . .
NO TIME TO CHANGE CLOTHES NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE FARM BEFORE THOSE SOLDIERS CAN TURN IN AN ALARM AND HAVE THE MUSEUM BOMBED!
LISTEN--!---
A NAZI OFFICER!
OH!!
KILL THE SWINE!
DROP HIM IN HIS TRACKS!
STOP IT! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN.

FOLKS, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! I'M NOT A NAZI!
ONE QUICK TUG ON A HATCH-ROPE... AND TONS OF HAY THUNDER DOWN FROM THE LOFTS!
SORRY TO PLAY ROUGH BUT I CAN'T DODGE BULLETS FOR-EVER!
AIEEE!
LOOK OUT!
A TELL-TALE COIN— FAMED SYMBOL OF A FAMED FIGHTER—OFFERS A MUTE EXPLANATION!
LOOK! TH-THAT PENNY!
IT'S GUERRILLA! THE YANK GUERRILLA!
DOES THIS EXPLAIN, FOLKS?
CLINK!
ALL ABOARD, YOU FIGHTERS! YOUR PALS ARE IN A HOTBED OF NAZIS DOWN AT THE MUSEUM AND WE'RE GOING TO SMOKE THEM OUT!
AND WE'RE TAKING ALONG THAT REAPER! IT'S PART OF THE PLAN TO SAVE THE MUSEUM! LISTEN...
LEAD ON, GUERRILLA! YOU'RE A FIGHTING MAN ANYBODY WOULD BE PROUD TO FOLLOW!
LISTEN, BOYS! WHEN I SHOOT OFF THIS ROCKET GUN, I WANT YOU TO SET FIRE TO THE WHEAT FIELDS.. UNDERSTAND!
SET FIRE TO THE WHEAT FIELDS!
AND AS THE GREAT TRACTOR, JAMMED TIGHT WITH FIGHTING FARMERS, LUMBERS DOWN INTO THE RICH FIELDS..
B-BUT WE CAN-NOT DO THAT! OUR OWN MEN AND THE MUSEUM WOULD BE BURNED!
LIEV... YOU MUST DO AS GUERRILLA SAYS! HE IS A WISE MAN AND A GREAT FIGHTER

LIKE A POUNDING JUGGERNAUT, GUERRILLA CRACKS THE TRACTOR THROUGH THE NAZI ENCIRCLING LINE...
HOLD ON, GANG! THIS IS NO HAY RIDE.. IT'S A MAYHEM RIDE!
KA-RUMMMM!

AND SWINGS IN A SMALL CIRCLE AROUND THE BESIEGED MUSEUM...
PYOTR! SHOOT OFF THAT ROCKET GUN OF YOURS! AND ONE OF YOU CHAPS ON THE REAPER START IT GOING!
AHHH, WITH YOU GUERRILLA FIGHTING IS MORE THAN A PLEASURE.. IT IS AN ART!

BEHIND THE NAZI LINES...
THERE IS THE SIGNAL! FIRE THE FIELDS.... AND MAY GUERRILLA BE RIGHT THIS TIME!


THEN... SWIFTLY WITH AN OMINOUS CRACKLING ROAR, A WALL OF FIRE SWEEPS DOWN THE FIELDS... FANNED BY THE WHISTLING WIND!

ACH! HIMMEL! WE ARE SURROUNDED BY FIRE!
IT IS THE RUSSIAN SCORCHED EARTH POLICY!

WE AND THE MUSEUM ARE SAFE HERE! THE FIRE WILL NOT CROSS THE PATH WE CUT... BUT IT WILL DRIVE THE NAZIS INTO IT!
LET THEM COME, GUERRILLA! WE ARE WAITING!

AS THE NAZIS SCURRY LIKE TRAPPED BEASTS INTO THE NARROW BAND OF SAFETY INSIDE THE FIRE...
HERE THEY COME! LET 'EM HAVE IT!
ACH!
THE RATS HAVE COME OUT OF THEIR HOLES! BUT WE SHALL NOT LET THEM POLLUTE THE AIR!
AHHHH...
JUST PASS IN REVIEW AND PASS OUT, PALS!
I'D BETTER SETTLE ACCOUNTS WHOLESALE, SO TO SPEAK!
GLUUUUU!
LATER...
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! WE'VE MOPPED 'EM UP! AND WE'VE JUST ENOUGH TIME BEFORE THE MAIN ARMY ARRIVES! GET YOUR PRISONERS AND TREASURES GOING!
AND IN THE SCORCHED FIELDS, THE GLEAMING MUSLIM STILL STANDS -- SYMBOL OF A PEOPLE'S SPIRIT THAT WILL NEVER BE BROKEN!
ACH! WE HAVE ONE CONSOLATION AT LEAST! THE WORLD WILL NEVER KNOW HOW A PACK OF PEASANTS OUTWITTED THE WEHRMACHT!
OH YEAH?
AND NOT MANY DAYS LATER... GUERRILLA SENDS ANOTHER HEADLINE STORY SPARKING THROUGH THE CABLES!
THE ART OF WAR
GUERRILLA... THE FIGHTER WHO MAKES HEADLINES-- IS YOUR HEADLINER FOR FIGHTS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
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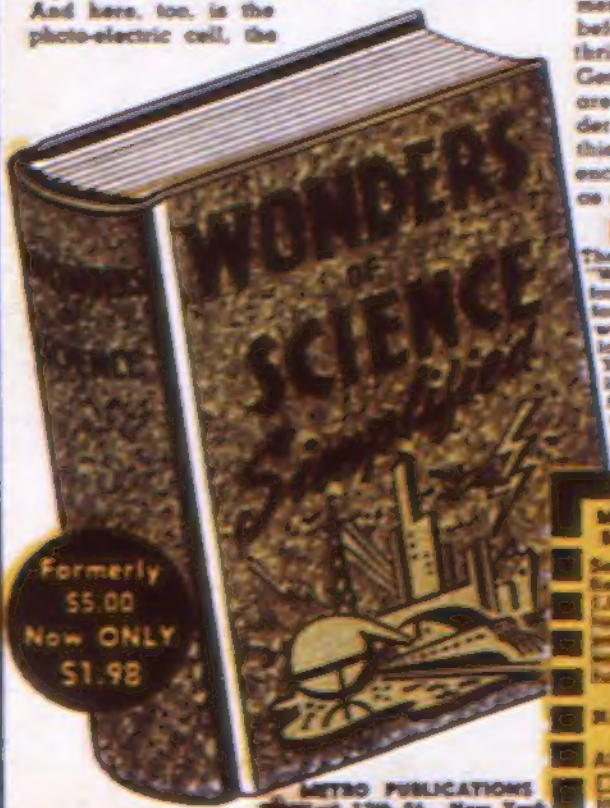

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